The Centre Reporter.

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BACK AND FORTH

SO SWINGS THE EXTRA SESSION PENDULUM.

Extra Session Sentiment About Evenly Divided. The Civil Service Law Inefficient.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The extra session pendulum swings back and forth from day to day. Last week for a time it seemed that the sentiment in favor of an immediate extra session was overwhelming among prominent democrats, as for several days about nine out of every ten Senators and Representatives that arrived and were willing to express a decided opinion were in favor of an extra session at the earliest possible moment. Then there was a change the other way, and about the same percentage of arrivals opposed an early extra session, although many of these opponents of an early extra session think it would be an advantageous saving of time to call an extra session about September or October. If a poll of all the democratic Senators and Representatives now in Washington were taken on the question of an early extra session, it is extremely doubtful which side would get a majority, so evenly divided has the sentiment become.

Hon. Chauncy F. Black, of Pennsylvania, President of the National Association of democratic clubs, is here to confer with Secretary Gardner as to the association's future work, particularly that relating to the campaign of 1896, which he says is already commenced. Mr. Black called attention to the manner in which the Walker tariff of 1846, which was one of the most satisfactory the country ever had, was prepared, and asked a good many democrats if the next democratic tariff could not be better prepared in that way than in any other. He was surprised to find that very few people remembered, if they ever knew, how the Walker tariff bill was prepared. It was prepared during a recess of Congress by Robert J. Walker, President Polk's Secretary of the Treasury, and when Congress met in regular session it was substantially as prepared enacted into a law and brought credit and honor both to its author and to the democratic party. If that plan succeeded so well then, why not try it again, by letting the democratic Secretary of the Treasury to be selected by Mr. Cleveland prepare a tariff bill to be submitted to Congress when it meets? is now being asked on all sides. Ordinarily the officials of the Treasury Department who have to deal with importations are better posted on tariff matters than outsiders, even among those who have devoted much time and study to the complicated system, and are consequently better prepared to arrange the details of a tariff schedule, but it must not be forgotten that nearly or quite all of the tariff experts now in the employ of the Treasury are hide-bound protectionists, and that it might not be altogether safe to trust them with the work of making a new tariff bill on reform lines.

The relations of the Comptroller of the currency with the National banks are so close that when a Comptroller retires from office he usually enters the employ of a National bank, but all the same much surprise was caused when the annual report of the present Comptroller was made public and it was seen that he had embodied therein an argument against the establishment of State banks with authority to issue currency. It is regarded as nearly akin to insolence for a republican official thus to attempt to tell the democratic Congress that it should not carry out a plank of its National platform, which the country has just endorsed.

General Rosecrans, Register of the Treasury, and about the only democrat now holding a prominent position under the government, struck the civil service law a knock down blow by stating in his annual report that the competitive examinations held thereunder, were practically of no use in determining the competency of a clerk. Not that this statement was new or surprising but that it was made by a big official. It has been fasionable among officials for several administrations to bow down to this civil service mumbo-jumbo, and it is refreshing to find one that will speak what so many of them think.

The question of immigration legislation at the coming session of Congress is being agitated, and if the joint committee which has been investigating the subject shall in their report, which will soon be ready, make any practical recommendations, it is altogether probable that they will be embodied in legislation. Most democrats agree with the National platform, that industrious and worthy foreigners should be free to come to us, and all stand ready to vote to prohibit the coming of the unworthy.

Whether it is because the newspapers got the news first or because they really think there is nothing in it I cannot say, but anyway the State Department people poohpooh the story about the French agent who controls the Panama railroad having violated the Monroe Doctrine by discriminating against American shippers over that road.

Senator Kenna of West Virginia, is dangerously ill. He has been sick for several weeks but a few days ago it was thought the crisis had passed, and that he was on the road to recovery, but Saturday he had a relapse and today the worst is feared. He has pleurisy and heart trouble.

WILL NOT PLEASE ATTORNEYS.

A Rule in the Somerset Court Debars Non-Resident Practitioners.

A rule has been made in the Somerset county court which prohibits any attorney not a resident of Somerset county from presenting a petition in the courts of that county, beginning an action, entering a note, filing a claim, or in any way transacting business directly with the Somerset county courts. Non-resident attorneys who have any business to do with the Somerset county courts must do it through members of the Somerset county bar residing in the county.

Whew! these lawyers are holding their noses high. If the REPORTER understands anything this action of the Somerset lawyers is not only selfish and rude, but it is uncivil and unconstitutional. Outside lawyers have just as good a right to do business in Somerset, as any other business man has to go there and attend to his business.

Soon a Four Track Road.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has just given out the contracts for increasing the number of tracks on the division between Harrisburg and Altoona. This work is to be completed not later than the 15th of February, and everything is to be in running order by the 15th of March.

Chief Engineer Brown and his assistants, of the Pennsylvania railroad company, have during the last year, been making a number of surveys along the line of this road between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. A number of sharp curves have been taken out and wherever it has been feasible the number of tracks have been increased so that when the above work has been completed the road will be a four track one from Jersey City to Pittsburg.

Along the line of the New York division the company is now busily engaged in laying the pneumatic system of automatic interlining signals. The power house is now being built at Homlesburg Junction, and a like one will be built close to the tracks of the main line division in Philadelphia. Besides this the company is also increasing the number of tracks from four to five and in some places six are now laid and ready for business.

Hints in Season.

Persons fond of breeding trouble for others, should stop to consider that there are few games that two cannot play at.

It often happens that a dog without teeth barks the most.

No one can have joy today who is worrying about tomorrow.

It doesn't pay to build any kind of a house on a poor foundation.

Nothing keeps a stingy man from stealing but the risk of the thing.

When you want to find a coward hunt up the man who knows he is wrong.

If there were no troubles to talk about some people would always be silent.

One of the most foolish men is the one who worries about things he can't help.

Working without a plan is one of the best ways in the world to waste your strength.

When the people find out a man is mean at home they don't care how good he professes to be at church.

Never keep nosing around in other people's business; the neighborhood will at last get tired of you.

Miss Eva Frear has sued the New York Central R. R. for $40,000 for the death of her intended husband, who was killed by a railroad accident. This is the first suit of the kind on record. She claims she lost a husband and her future support by the death of her fiancee.

Rhode Island has a property qualification for voters that is ten times more exacting than the proposed one in Alabama. But Rhode Island is a Republican state don'tcher know, hence the organs don't say anything about it, but bray like mules over a proposition of the kind in Alabama.

A contemporary sententiously says: "Bull's Head Flavoring Extracts are good enough to be used by anybody and cheap enough to be used by everybody." That's it, cheap and good.

ABOUT SHERIFFS

CENTRE COUNTY'S GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.

List of All Who held that Office Since 1890—The Great Age Attained by Many of our Sheriffs.

Hon. John Blair Linn, in a recent article published in the *Keystone Gazette*, gives some valuable statistics showing the great age attained by most of the ex-sheriffs of our county. The following is the list:

The great age attained by some of the sheriffs of Centre county is remarkable and worthy of record.

JAMES DUNCAN, the first sheriff, commissioned October 28, 1800; born in Scotland in 1758, died in Aaronsburg October 14, 1843, aged eighty-five years.

WILLIAM RANKIN, commissioned October 25, 1803; born in Franklin county November 5, 1770, died in Ferguson township, November 29, 1837, in his seventy-eighth year.

ROLAND CURTIN, father of ex-Governor A. G. Curtin, commisssoned November 14, 1806; born in Ireland, died in Bellefonte, Novemqer 8, 1856, aged eighty six years.

MICHAEL BOLLINGER, commissioned November 11, 1809; came from York county, Pa., in 1709, died in Aaronsburg January 8, 1840, aged seventy-six.

JOHN RANKIN, commissioned Nov. 6, 1812; born in Franklin county, May 1, 1779; died in Pennsylvania April 22, 1848, aged sixty-nine.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, commissioned December 1, 1815; born December 25, 1777, in Shermans, valley (now Perry county) died in Clearfield, Sept. 25, 1867, aged nearly ninety years.

JOHN MITCHELL, commissioned October 23, 1818; born in now Perry Co., March 8, 1781; died in Beaver county, August 3, 1849, aged sixty-nine.

JOSEPH BUTLER, commissioned October 22, 1821; born January 8, 1780; died at Milesburg, Nov. 15, 1862; aged eighty-two years, ten months and seven days.

THOMAS HASTINGS, JR., commissioned Nov. 17, 1824; born in the territory of now Centre county, Oct. 24, 1797; died in Brookville, Pa., in 1871, aged seventy-four years.

ROBERT TATE, commissioned Dec. 29, 1827: died in Clinton county, March 30, 1870, aged eighty years.

WM. WARD, commissioned Oct. 22, 1830; born April 15, 1795; died in Lamar township, Clinton county, June 29, 1852, aged fifty-seven years. He was reelected in 1836 and 1841. therefore served three terms as sheriff of Centre county.

GEORGE LEIDY, commissioned Oct. 31, 1833; died September 25, 1850, in Lamar township, Clinton county, aged sixty-five years.

JOHN THOMPSON, commissioned Nov. 28, 1839; died January 22, 1876; in Half Moon township, aged seventy-eight years.

THOMAS M. HALL, commissioned Nov. 26, 1845; died in Milesburg, Nov. 1, 1879, aged seventy-three years.

WM. L. MUSSER, commissioned Nov. 26, 1848; died at Millheim Oct. 3, 1889, aged eighty-one years.

JOSEPH J. LINGLE, commissioned Nov. 26, 1851; died in Bellefonte July 26, 1892, aged eighty-one years and two months.

MORDECAI WADDLE, commissioned Nov. 27, 1854; died in Spring township August 20, 1885, aged sixty-three years and twenty days.

THOMAS MCCOY, commissioned Nov. 29, 1857; died in Philipsburg in 1869, aged fifty-seven.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, commissioned Nov. 1, 1860; died in Unionville September 8, 1892, aged eighty-two years.

RICHARD CONLEY, commissioned Nov. 25, 1863; died in Benner township September 3, 1880, aged seventy-one years.

GEO. W. MUNSON, commissioned December 14, 1875; died at Philipsburg September 30, 1886, aged about sixty-six years.

The surviving ex-sheriffs of Centre county are:

Daniel Z. Kline,	elected in		1866.
D. W. Woodring	,,	,,	1869.
Benj. F. Shaeffer	,,	,,	1872.
John Spangler	,,	,,	1878.
Thomas Dunkle	,,	,,	1881.
W. Miles Walker	,,	,,	1884.
Robert Cooke, Jr.	,,	,,	1887.

William A. Ishler, Esq., is the present sheriff.

Adding two for additional terms of William Ward makes thirty incumbents, three years each, ninety years (1800—1890), the period of incumbency, none having died in office.

It will be noticed from the above that the average ages of the sheriffs of Centre caunty was over seventy-nine years. JOHN BLAIR LINN.

Nov. 17, 1892.

Selling Baled Hay.

Baled hay is bringing $14.50 to $15 on track here. Hiram Durst, and others shipped several car loads last week.

IDENTIFYING PROPERTY.

Goods From a Snow Shoe Store Found In the Pile.

On Saturday Thomas Buddinger, of Snow Shoe, was in Williamsport, and in the morning called at the police station to have a look at the goods recovered from the home of Mrs. Matilda Jackson, in Williamsport, on Monday, and those found in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

Mr. Buddinger keeps a general store in Snow Shoe and on the night of October 12th, thieves effected an entrance to the building and succeeded in getting away with some cash and merchandise. From the safe and cash register the robbers stole $45 in cash. Among the goods that he examined at the police station Saturday, he found some that he thought belonged to him. A pair of low shoes, both for the same foot, were among the miscellaneous assortment of merchandise. He said that just such a pair had been found in his store previous to the robbery, and he had made note of the manufacturer, and then wrapped the shoes up. They were laid away in the office at the store, he intending to send them back to the wholesale dealer. After the robbery they were missed. He thinks he now has a clue to the robbers.—*Gazette & Bulletin.*

SPRING MILLS.

Our Ubiquitous Scribe's Description of the Happenings.

The summer is over,
Thanksgiving is gone,
The time for sausage has come,
And the squeal of the porker is heard o'er the town.

Rev. Hertz is holding a revival at Paradise at present.

Miss Jennie Yarnell, of Pine Grove Mills, is attending Dr. Wolf's School since Tuesday.

Our boys have bought a new football, and our physicians will soon be out of shin plasters.

A number of our young folks spent Sunday at Loganton.

Andrew Curtin Club, No. 1345, L. L. A., will hold its first regular meeting next Friday evening.

Centre Castle, K. G. E. is not napping, it has five young eagles in the nest a hatching just now.

The big festival, etc., is now a matter of history. From a business standpoint it probably was a success, for the receipts were $45 and the personal injuries very light, while the losses by resignation were few, and by death, none. The past has its history, and the future its hopes.

Program—December to June.

The following program of amusements for the next six months, the REPORTER sets out for the benefit of the public.

December, the holiday season and a good time in general, with festivals and sprees thrown in.

January to March musical conventions and a good time for all fond of singing.

February to end of March public sales and free lunch for the hungry.

April, flittings, with hoe-downs and scuffing of household effects thrown in.

April to middle of June, trout fishing, preparation of medicine for rattle snake bites, and fish stories.

The balance of the summer can safely be set down for snake stories.

Pas'e this in your hat for ready reference.

Talking of gerrymanders, says the Philadelphia *Times*, the late election shows that in unequal representation Connecticut still holds the palm. The Democrats have a popular majority of over 5,000 in the state, but the Republicans hold both houses of the legislature. The twelve Democratic senators just elected represent a population of 476,313. while the twelve Republican senators represent a population of only 269,878. In the house of representatives the disparity is even greater; 132 Republicans are elected to represent a population of 255,862, while a population of 423,830 is represented by only 118 Democrats. This inequality is due not exactly to gerrymandered districts, but to the old plan of representation by towns, regardless of population, which the Republicans have refused to change because it secures them this unfair advantage.

Crushed in a Log Slide.

George Lucas, of Lock Haven, was injured so badly at a log slide on Youngwoman's creek Saturday afternoon that he died soon after. He was struck by a log as it rushed down the mountain and his body was horribly crushed. This is the second fatality that has occurred at a log slide in that vicinity this season.

"How would you like to cure your horse of that shaggy look and rough coat?" "Well you can do it by giving him Bull's-head Horse and Cattle Powder; a pound package costs only 25 cents."

A HERMITS' LIFE

A CRAZY INVENTOR HERMIT NEAR HUNTINGDON.

Joshua Gorsuch, the Eccentric Hermit of Lock Ridge, Ninety-three years old and Busies Himself with Crazy Inventions.

The Huntingdon correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* is responsible for the following which appeared in the Sunday morning edition:

Just beyond the northeastern limits of Huntingdon borough, in a dense and thickly settled spot on Lick Ridge, lives an old hermit whose eccentricities have made him a familiar figure for many, many years.

Joshua Gorsuch was born in November, 1799, not more than a mile from his present mud hovel, and in the ninety-three years of his life he has never been farther than seventeen miles from that spot, and then only twice, having the past two years spent the winter months in the Poor House, at Shirleysburg. Although he is so ill clad that at times his aged body is barely protected from rain and snow and the piercing winds, and though his stomach rarely has an opportunity to digest anything better than crusts of stale bread, the old man holds the idea of the County Almshouse in holy horror. Persuasion could never induce him to go there, and it is only because of the weakness of his century-old frame that he succumbs to force. Members of the Humane Society always keep a watch over him when winter sets in, or perhaps long ere this he would have been in his grave. But the full-fledged Italian from New York city, with hand organ accompaniment, no sooner announces that "Springtime is here, gentle Annie," than the old man steals away from the County Home and on foot makes his way to the now well-known mud cottage near the summit of Lick Ridge.

And what a home it is! With one of his patent ditch-diggers—the horn of a buck, with hickory handle attached—he succeeded in making an excavation in the side of the hill to the depth of six feet, and in this damp, rheumatic hole he sits for hours at a time musing over hoped-for wealth. It required many days for the old recluse to complete his home, and during the progress of its construction the architect and builder dined and lodged under a temporary brush heap within sight. Those old, deeply sunken, bloodshot eyes told of the joy which filled the heart of their owner when the cottage had been completed to his satisfaction, and in that secluded and to him sacred spot he could model his numerous inventions. Invention is Uncle Joshua's hobby, but his imagination has led him to believe that all his patents have been stolen by the government. On this subject the old man's mind wanders by day and his sleep at night is disturbed by dreams of success on the latest patent, only to be followed by the keen disappointment of a delusion that he has been robbed by the government. To look at him one fancies he sees Diogenes, but while Diogenes was looking for an honest man, Uncle Joshua is looking forward to a time when the United States Government shall be powerless to encroach upon his patent rights, and he shall be able to gaze with pleasure upon the millions that are in them. His long, bony fingers, with nothing apparently on them but a scant covering of skin, and trembling like a leaf exposed to the wind, impress one as longing to grasp the dollars which he believes are sure to come from the introduction of his patents.

The most notable of his queer inventions are a cider press and an incubator. The former very much resembles the old-fashioned sausage-stuffer and the main handle is nothing less than a hickory tree sixty or more feet long. Joshua's consolation seems to lie in the fact that when apples, etc., are placed under this great pressure juice must come and worms must die. According to his own story it required him eight days to fell the tree and drag it the few feet to the sacred spot. He invariably refused outside assistance, fearing that the mission of any intruder was only to rob him of the invention. The completion of the cider press was followed by the invention of an incubator, and if the latter could only accomplish a part of what Uncle Joshua claims for it, old hens would have an easy time of it in the future. A long box with a glass lid was divided into numerous apartments, and each apartment was assigned a specific duty. No. 1 was for hatching ordinary chicken eggs, and the product according to Joshua's description, would be passed as feminine gender; but the product of an egg placed in an adjoining apartment was sure to be a rooster. Eggs being placed in other apartments—that is chicken eggs—the hatch was liable to be a turkey, goose, duck, pigeon or quail. Like all his other inventions the incubator was a thing of only a moment, and he then began modeling a patent saw, berry picker and fire-extinguisher. None of his inventions have ever gotten beyond the mud hovel on the summit of the ridge, but the old man believes the government is making millions out of those stolen from him. While working on the new inventions his chief object seems to be to keep government officials off his track, and visitors frequently find him crouched in a very small space in his hut to escape detection.

Joshua never voted but once or twice in his very long life. For many years he has thus isolated himself, and the greater part of his life he has resided near his present abode. His hovel is in a beautiful situation on an elevation of perhaps three hundred feet, and directly at the foot of the hill or ridge the rippling waters of a wild and romantic stream can be heard. Joshua's appearance indicates that he has as little use for water as he has for the ladies. It is doubtful whether his long and bushy gray hair is ever combed, and hanging as it does over his face and neck, he very much resembles the wild man of the woods. And then his blood-shot and sunken eyes add nothing to his appearance. His summer clothing is the prolonged use of his winter wear.

The old man may be called a woman hater, and his opinion of the gentler sex is not at all complimentary. He was once married, and his present attitude toward women is no doubt due to that unhappy union. While he sits in his hovel, looking with scorn upon the illustrations of females in one of his sacred books, his old and discarded wife may be seen peddling truck from door to door in this town. Joshua will not converse with men if he can avoid them, much less women, and in any conversation he indulges in wealth must be the subject. He will then get in a happy mood in the prospect that the long looked for millions are near at hand. A visitor is hardly gone until the old man secludes himself in the snake-ridden hut and engages himself for a short time in modeling some patent.

Joshua realizes that his time on earth is limited, and he has already requested that his dry bones be laid to rest, without ceremony, near the spot he is now pleased to call home. He has even constructed a coffin for the interment of his own body, but it is not likely that his plans will be carried out strictly according to his wishes.

Lowest Water in Ninety-One Years.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* says the low waters in the Susquehannah river, November, 1892, has about reached the point marked on Maclay's rocks, opposite South street, by Balthazer Street. The mark he made in August, ninety-one years ago, reads, "1803." The figures are beautifully cut and are several inches long. The straight line below marks the lowest stage of the water of which there is any record. About forty years ago the numerals were visible above the face of the water and the marks almost so. At present the level of the water is in nearly the same condition.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach be disordered, you have a Dyspeptic look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

A very big elephant has Philadelphia had on its hands for over a decade in the city building. It is still unfinished. Fifteen millions has already been expended on it. The cost was originally estimated at $10,000,000. Two years ago it was given out by the commission that it would cost $2,000,000 to complete it, and now after having expended more than $2,000,000 it informs the public, who have to pay for this luxury, that it will require $3,000,000 more. This will make the building cost $18,000,000. Probably if the accounts could be investigated as Tilden and O'Conor investigated the cost of Tweed's court house in New York, a condition of affairs just as rotten would manifest itself.

We remember well when the building bill was before the legislature, there was a big job in it; the machine fought hard to have it passed, and bribery did it—now Philadelphia pays dearly for the work of roosters.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Truth About Russia."

TEXT: *"Presumptuous are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities."*—II Peter ii., 10.

Among a most reprehensible crew Peter here paints by one stroke the portrait of those who delight to slash at people in authority. Now we all have a right to criticise evil behavior, whether in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that he ought to be brought down. It is a bad streak of human nature now, as it was in the time of the text a bad streak of human nature, that success of any kind excites the jealous antipathy of those who cannot climb the same steep. There never was a David on the throne that there was not some Absalom who wanted to get it. There never was a Christ but the world had saw and hammer ready to fashion a cross on which to assassinate Him.

Out of this evil spirit grow not only individual but national and international defamation. To no country has more injustice been done than to our own in days that are past. Long before "Martin Chuzzlewitt" was printed the literature of the world scoffed at everything American. Victor Hugo, as honest as he was unequaled in literary power, was so misinformed concerning America that he wrote: "The most singular thing is the need of whittling, with which all Americans are possessed. It is such that on Sunday they give the sailors little bits of wood, because if they did not they would whittle the ship. In court, at the most critical moment, the judge, whittling, says: 'Prisoner, are you guilty?' and the accused tranquilly responds, whittling, 'I am not guilty.'"

Lord John Russell called us "a bubble bursting nationality." But our country has at last recovered from such caricature, and there is not a street in any city of Europe or Asia where the word "America" will not win deference. But there is a sister nation on the other side of the sea now going through the process of international defamation. There is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those who compose this august assemblage and the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked, then the slander of one hundred and twelve million people is one hundred and twelve million times more wicked.

In the name of righteousness, and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now speak. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one discourse is like attempting to run Niagara Falls over one mill wheel. Do not think that the very naked courtesies extended me by the emperor and empress of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed.

I went last summer to Russia with as many baleful prejudices as would make an avalanche from the mountain of fabrication which has for years been heaped up against that empire. You ask how is it possible that such appalling misrepresentations of Russia could stand? I account for it by the fact that the Russian language is to most an impassable wall. Malign the United States or malign Great Britain or Germany or France, and by the next cablegram the falsehood is exposed, for we all understand English, and many of our people are familiar with German and French. But the Russian language, beautiful and easy to those born to speak it, is to most vocal organs an unpronouncable tongue, and if at St. Petersburg or Moscow any anti-Russian calumny were denied the most of the world outside of Russia would never see or hear the denial.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealously. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Go into any neighborhood of America and ask the physician who has a small practice what he thinks of the physician who has a large practice. Ask a lawyer who has no briefs what he thinks of the lawyer who has three rooms filled with clerks trying in vain to transact the superabundant business that comes to him. Ask the minister who has a very limited audience what he thinks of the minster who has overflowing audiences.

Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the author and the lecturers who have written or spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them.

I said at St. Petersburg to the most eminent lady of Russia outside of the imperial family, "Are those stories of cruelty and outrage that I have heard and read about true?" She replied: "No doubt some of them are true, but do you not in America ever have officers of the law cruel and outrageous in their treatment of offenders? Do you not have instances where the police have clubbed innocent persons? Have you no instances where people in brief authority act arrogantly?" I replied, "Yes, we do." Then she said: "Why does the world hold our government responsible for exceptional outrages? As soon as an official is found to be cruel he immediately loses his place."

Then I bethought myself, Do the people in America hold the Government of Washington responsible for the Homestead riots or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villian that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a rail train, making the passengers hold up their arms until the pockets are picked? Why, then hold the emperor of Russia, who is as impressive and genial a man as I have ever looked at or talked with, responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population twice as large in numbers as the millions of America? Suppose one monarch in Europe ruled over England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Norway and Sweden.

Would it be fair to hold the monarch responsible for all that occurred in that mighty dominion? Now you must remember that Alexander the Third reigns over wider dominion than all those empires put together. As a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale, let me ask, would you individually prefer to be judged by your faults or your virtues? All people except ourselves have faults.

The pessimist attempting to write your biography would take you in your weaker moods, and the picture of you on the first page of your biography would be as you looked after some meanness had been practiced on you and you were tearing mad. Now, as I am an optimist, I give you fair warning that if I ever write your biography I will take you as you looked the day your dividend came in twenty per cent. larger than you ever anticipated, or the morning on your way to business after your first child was born, or the morning after your conversion, when heaven had rolled in on your soul. The most accursed homunculi of all the earth are the pessimists, who, whether they judge individual or national character, and whether they wield tongue or pen, are filled with anathematization, and who have more to say about the freckles on the cheek of beauty than of the sunrises and sunsets that flush it.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for among all the nations this side of heaven Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despotisms of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful, Russia never was. Russia, then an old government, smiled on the cradle of our government while yet in its earliest infancy. Empress Catherine of Russia in 1776 or thereabouts offered kindly interference that our thirteen colonies might not go down under the cruelties of war.

Again, in 1813, Russia stretched forth toward us a merciful hand. When our dreadful civil war was raging and the two thunder clouds of northern and southern valor clashed, Russia practically said to the nations of Europe, "Keep your hands off and let the brave men of the north and the south settle their own troubles." I rehearsed some of those scenes to the emperor last July, saying, "You were probably too young to remember the position your father took at that time," but with radiant smile he responded, "Oh, yes, I remember, I remember," and there was an accentuation of the words which demonstrated to me that those occurrences had often been talked of in the imperial household.

I stood on New York Battery during the war, as I suppose many of you did, looking off through a magnifying glass upon a fleet of Russian ships. "What are they doing there?" I asked, and so every one asked. "What business have the Russian warships in our New York harbor?" Word came that another fleet of Russian warships was in San Francisco harbor. "What does this mean?" our rulers asked, but did not get immediate answer. In these two American harbors the Russian fleets seemed sound asleep. Their great mouths of iron spoke not a word, and the Russian flag, whether floating in the air or drooping by the flagstaff, made no answer to our inquisitiveness.

William H. Seward, secretary of state, asked the Russian minister at Washington the meaning of those Russian ships in American waters and got no satisfactory response. Admiral Farragut said to a Russian officer after dining in the home of the eminent politician, Tourlow Weed, that maker and unmaker of presidents, "What are you doing here with those Russian vessels of war?" Not until the war was over was it found out that in case of foreign intervention all the guns and the last gun of these two fleets in New York and San Francisco harbors were to open in full diapason upon any foreign ship that should dare to interfere with the right of Americans, north and south, to settle their own controversy.

But for those fleets and their presence in American waters there can be no doubt that two of the mightiest nations of Europe would have mingled in our fight. But for those two fleets the American government would have been to-day only a name in history. I declare before God and the nation that I believe Russia saved the United States of America. Last July I stood before a great throng of Russians in the embarrassing position of speaking to an audience three-fourths of which could not understand my language any more than I could understand theirs. But there were two names that they thoroughly understood as well as you understand them, and the utterance of those two names brought forth an acclamation that made the city hall of St. Petersburg quake from foundation stone to towers, and those two names were "George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

Now is it not important that we should feel right toward that mighty, that God given friend of more than one hundred years? Yea, because it is a nation of more possibilities than any other, except our own, should we cultivate its friendship. There is a vast realm of Russia as yet unoccupied. If the population of the rest of Europe were poured into Russia it would be only partially occupied. After awhile America will be so well populated that the tides of emigration will go the other way, and by railroads from Russia at Behring straits—where Asia comes within thirty six miles of joining America—millions of people will pour down through Russia and Siberia, and on down through all the regions waiting for the civilization of the next century to come, and culture great harvests and build mighty cities.

What the United States now are on the western hemisphere Russia will be on the eastern hemisphere. Not only because of what Russia has been to our republic, but because of what she will be, let us cease the defamation of all that pertains to that great empire. If Russia can afford to be the friend of America, America can afford to be the friend of Russia. And now I proceed to do what I told the emperor and the empress and all the imperial family at the palace of Peterhof I would do if I ever got back to America, and that is to answer some of the calumnies which have been announced and reiterated and stereotyped against Russia.

Calumny the First—The emperor and all the imperial family are in perpetual dread of assassination. They are practically prisoners in the winter palace, and treaches with dynamite have been found dug around the winter palace. They dare not venture forth, except preceded and followed and surrounded by a most elaborate military guard.

My answer to this is that I never saw a face more free from worriment than the emperor's face. The winter palace, around which the trenches are said to have been charged with dynamite, and in which the imperial family are said to be prisoners, has never been the residence of the imperial family one moment since the present emperor has been on the throne.

The winter palace has been changed into a museum and a picture gallery and a place of great levees. He spends his summer in the palace at Peternof, fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg; his autumns at the palace at Gratschina, and his winters in a palace at St. Petersburg, but in quite a different part of the city to that occupied by the winter palace. He rides through the streets unattended; except by the empress at his side and the driver on the box. There is not a person in this audience more free from fear of harm than he is. His subjects not only admire him but almost worship him.

There are cranks in Russia, but have we not had our Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth? "But," says some one, "did not the Russians kill the father of the present emperor?" Yes, but in the time that Russia has had one assassination of emperor America has had two presidents assassinated. "But is not the emperor an autocrat?" By which you mean, has he not power without restriction? Yes, but it all depends upon what use a man makes of his power.

Are you an autocrat in your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business? It all depends on what use you make of your power, whether to bless or to oppress, and from the time of Peter the Great—that Russian who was the wonder of all time, the emperor who became incognito a ship carpenter that he might help ship carpenters, and a mechanic that he might help mechanics, and put on poor men's garb that he might sympathize with poor men, and who in his last words said: "My Lord, I am dying. Oh, help my unbelief!"—I say from that time the throne of Russia has, for the most part, been occupied by rulers as beneficent and kind and sympathetic as they were powerful.

To go no further back than Nicholas, the grandfather of the present emperor. Nicholas had for the dominant idea of his administration the emancipation of the serfs. When it was found that he premeditated the freedom of the serfs he received the following letter of threat from a deputation of noblemen: "Your Imperial Majesty—We learn that the council and senate of the empire have before them for deliberation, with your sanction, the plan to abolish serfdom throughout the Russian empire. We are perfectly willing to abide by your majesty's decision in this matter and to loyally support your will, but there are in Russia a large number of small owners of serfs who are dependent for actual subsistence on the labor of those serfs, and who consequently will be left wholly penniless and without any resource by the operation of emancipation. They will then undoubtedly resort to desperate measures, and in the extremity of their despair will put the life of your majesty in jeopardy."

The emperor replied in words that will last as long as history. "Gentlemen, if I should die because of my devotion to such a cause, I am willing to meet my fate." When, under an attack of pneumonia from exposure to severe weather in the service of his people, that emperor put down his head on the pillow of dust, Russia lost as good a monarch as was ever crowned. Then came Alexander the Second, father of the present emperor. Amid the mightiest opposition and innumerable protests, he, with one stroke of his pen, emancipated twenty million serfs, practically saying, "Go free. Be your own masters, and this is for you and your children forever."

On the day he was basely assassinated (and I will parenthetically say that I saw his carriage in splinters, as it looked when he stepped from it, not to save himself, but to look after some poor people of the street who had been hurt, and I saw the bed on which he died, the mattress yet crimson with his life's blood)—on the day he was assassinated he had on his table, found afterward, a free constitution that proposed to give the right of suffrage to the people of Russia. If it had not been for the assassination he would have soon signed that constitution, but that horrible violence put things back, as violence always does.

What a marvelous character of kindness was Alexander the Second, the father of the present emperor, so that the present emperor, Alexander the Third, inherits his benignity. Alexander the Second, hearing that a nobleman had formed a conspiracy against his life, had him arrested. Then the eyes of the criminal were bandaged, and he was put in a carriage, and for some time traveled on, only stopping for food. After awhile the bandage was removed, and supposing that he must by that time have been almost in Siberia, he found that he was at the door of his own home. But this punishment was sufficient.

The same emperor, having heard that a poet had written a poem defamatory of his empress, ordered the poet into his presence. Expecting great severity, the poet entered the palace and found the emperor and empress and dukes and duchesses gathered together. "Good morning," said the emperor to the offender. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it to us and we may have the pleasure of hearing it." The man cried out, "Send me to Siberia or do anything with me, but do not make me read this poem in your presence." He was compelled to read the defamatory poem, and then the empress, against whom it was aimed, said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. Let him go." And so he was freed.

And now comes in Alexander the Third, doing the best things possible for the nation which he loves and which as ardently loves him. But what an undertaking to rule one of one hundred tribes and races and speaking forty different languages! But, notwithstanding all this, things there move on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of five hundred thousand Russians you would find more than one person who dislikes the emperor, and so that calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat it can fall no flatter.

Calumny the Second—If you go to Russia you are under severest espionage, stopped here and questioned there, and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is disturbed in Russia it is because he ought to be disturbed. Russia is the only country in Europe in which my baggage was not examined. I carried in my hand, tied together with a chord so that their titles could be seen, a pile of eight or ten books, all of them from lid to lid cursing Russia, but I had no trouble in taking with me the books. There is ten times more difficulty in getting your luggage through the American custom house than through the Russian. I speak not of myself, for friends interceded for me on American wharves, and I am not detained. I was several days in Russia before I was asked if I had any passport at all.

Depend upon it, if hereafter a man believes he is uncomfortably watched by the police of St. Petersburg or Moscow it is because there is something suspicious about him, and you yourself had better, when he is around, look after your silver spoons. I promise you, an honest man or an honest woman, that when you go there, as many of you will—for European travel is destined to change its course from southern Europe to those northern regions—you will have no more molestation or supervisal than in Brooklyn or New York or the quietest Long Island village.

Calumny the Third—Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion except the Greek religion that they will not allow any other religion; that nothing but persecution and imprisonment and outrage intolerable await the disciples of any other religion. But what are the facts? I had a long ride in St. Petersburg and its suburbs with the prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose chief business is to attend the emperor. I said to him, "I suppose your religion is that of the Greek church?" "No," said he; "I am a Lutheran." "What is your religion?" I said to one of the highest and most influential officials at St. Petersburg. He said, "I am of the Church of England."

Myself, an American, of still another denomination of Christians, and never having been inside a Greek church in my life until I went to Russia, could not have received more consideration had I been baptised in the Greek church and all my life worshiped at her altars. I had it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to do with his preferment for either office or social position. The only questions taken into consideration are honesty, fidelity, morality and adaptation. I had not been in St. Petersburg an hour before I received an invitation to preach the Gospel of Christ as I believed it. Besides all this, have you forgotten that the Crimean war, which shook the earth, grew out of Russia's interference in behalf of the prosecuted Christians of all nations in Turkey?

"But," says some one, "have there not been persecutions of other religions in Russia?" No doubt, just as in other times in New England we burned witches, and as we killed Quakers, and as the Jews in America have been outrageously treated ever since I can remember, and the Chinese in our land have been pelted, and their stores torn down, and their way from the steamer wharf to their destined quarters tracked with their own blood. The devil of persecution is in every land and in all ages. Some of us in the different denominations of Christians in America have felt the thrust of persecution because we thought differently or did things differently from those who would, if they had the power, put us in a furnace eight times heated, one more degree of caloric than Nebuchadnezzar's. Persecutions in all lands, but the emperor of Russia sanctions none of them.

I had a most satisfactory talk with the emperor about the religions of the world, and he thinks and feels as you and I do, that religion is something between a man and his God, and no one has a right to interfere with it. You may go right up to St. Petersburg and Moscow with your Episcopal liturgy, or your Presbyterian catechism, or your Congregationalist's liberalism, or your Immersionist's Baptistry, or any other religion, and if you mind your own affairs and let others mind theirs you will not be molested.

Calumny the Fourth—Russia is so very grasping of territory, and she seems to want the world. But what are the facts? During the last century and a quarter the United States have taken possession of everything between the thirteen colonies and the Pacific ocean, and England, during the same length of time, has taken possession of nearly three million square miles, and by the extent of her domain has added two hundred and fifty million population, while Russia has added during that time only one-half the number of square miles and about eighteen million of population—England's advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million against Russia's advance of domain by eighteen million. What a paltry Russian advance of domain by eighteen million as compared with the English advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million! The United States and England had better keep still about extravagant and extortionate enlargement of domain.

Calumny the Fifth—Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven like dumb cattle; no trial is afforded to the suspected ones; they are put into quicksilver mines, where they are whipped and starved, and some day find themselves going around without any head. Some of them do not get so far as Siberia. Women, after being tied to stakes in the streets, are disrobed and whipped to death in the presence of howling mobs. Offenders hear their own flesh sizz under the hot irons.

But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them cruelty is an impossibility. I hold in my hand a card. You see on it that red circle. That is the government's seal on a card giving me permission to visit all the prisons of St. Petersburg, as I had expressed a wish in that direction. As the messenger handed this card to me he told me that a carriage was at the door for my disposal in visiting the prisons. It so happened, however, that I was crowded with engagements and I could not make the visitation. But do you suppose such cheerful permission and a carriage to boot would have been afforded me if the prisons of Russia are such hells on earth as they have been described to be?

I asked an eminent and distinguished American, "Have you visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, and how do they differ from American prisons?" He replied, "I have visited them, and they are as well ventilated and as well conditioned in every respect as the majority of the prisons in America." Are women whipped in the street? No; that statement comes from the manufactory of fabrication, a manufactory that runs day and night, so that the supply may meet the demand.

But how about Siberia? My answer is, Siberia is the prison of Russia, a prison more than twice the size of the United States. John Howard, who did more for the improvement of prisoners and the reformation of criminals than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for mercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open air punishment rather than endungeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundreds of miles away from their evil companions. John Howard, after witnessing the plan of deportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia, commended it to England.

If a man commits murder in Russia he is not electrocuted as we electrocute him, or choked to death by a halter as we choke him to death. Russia is the only country on earth from which the death penalty has been driven, except in case of high treason. Murderers and desperate villains are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or ordered to any kind of punishment in Russia until he has a fair trial. So far as their being hustled off in the night and not knowing why they are exiled or punished is concerned, all the criminals in Russia have an open trial before a jury just as we have in America, except in revolutionary and riotous times, and you know in America at such times the writ of habeas corpus is suspended.

There are in Russia grand juries and petit juries, and the right to challenge the jurors, and the prisoner confronts his accuser, and, mark this, as in no other country, after the prisoner has been condemned by juries and judges he may appeal to the minister of the interior, and after that to the senate, and after that to the emperor, who is constantly pardoning. As I said, the violent and murderous are sent to the hardest part of Siberia, but the more moderate criminals to propitious parts of Siberia, and those who have only a little criminality to parts of Siberia positively genial for climate, for you ought to know, if you do not know, that Siberia is so large and wide and long that it reaches from frigidity to torridity, from almost arctic blast, to climate as mild as that of Italy.

Run your finger along the map of the world, and you will find that the lowest part of Siberia is on the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and the richest part of Italy is on the same forty-fifth degree of latitude, so that Siberia reaches from the furs at the north to the palm leaf fans at the south. It has been demonstrated that ninety per cent. of the Russian criminals colonized into Siberia go into a climate milder than New York—a land songful with birds and embroidered with flora enough manifold to confound the botanists. Much of the soil is a rich loam, and harvests wait for a plow to liberate them.

When a criminal is sent to Siberia, in the vast majority of cases it gives him an opportunity to make a new start under the best possible circumstances. The criminal is allowed to take his or her family along, and that is a mercy no other country grants. In the quicksilver mines of Siberia—the hardest place of expatriation—only one-fourth of the miners are criminals. The other three-fourths go there because they choose it as a place to earn their living.

After being in Siberia awhile the condemned go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms and orchards and vineyards, many of these people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no inducement would leave those parts of Siberia which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance. Now which do you think is the best style of a prison—Siberia or many of our American prisons? When a man commits a big crime in our country, the judge looks into the frighted face of the culprit and says, "You have been found guilty; I sentence you to the penitentiary for ten years." He goes to prison. He is shut in between four walls. No sunlight. No fresh air. No bathroom. Before he has served his ten years he dies of consumption or is so enervated that for the rest of his life he sits with folded hands—a wheezing invalid.

In preference to the shut in life of the average American prisoner, give me Siberia. Besides that, when offenders come out of prison in America, what chance have they? Ask the poorly supported societies formed to get these people places for work. Ask me, to whom the newly liberated come from all the prisons imploring what they shall do. No one will commend them. The pallor of incarceration is on their cheek. Who wants to employ in factory or store a man or woman who, in answer to the question: "Where did you live last?" should make for reply: "State's prison at Auburn or Moyamensing?" Now in Siberia they have a better chance. They are never spoken of as criminals, but as unfortunates, and they are allowed every opportunity of retrieving their lost reputation and lost fortunes.

I talked with the President of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Siberian Convicts. The president of that society, appointed by the emperor, is a lady of great accomplishments and much sympathy, which illumines her face and makes tearful her eyes and tremulous her voice. The evening I passed at her house in St. Petersburg was one of the memorable events of my lifetime. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of that noble woman appointed by the emperor as the President of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Convicts. Please to name any such national society in our country, supported by government, for taking care of the children of convicts.

You know, if you know anything, that there is no chance in this country for a man who has been imprisoned, or for his children. God pity them and hasten the time when we shall by some national institution established by the congress of the United States, imitate the mercy of the Russian government toward the innocent children of imprisoned offenders. He who charges cruelty on the imperial family and the nobility of Russia belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen.

The merciful character of the present emperor was well illustrated in the following occurrence: The man who supervised the assassination of the father of the present emperor, standing in the snow that awful day when the dynamite shattered to pieces the legs of Alexander the Second—I say the man who supervised all this fled from St. Petersburg and quit Russia. But after awhile the man repented of his crime, and wrote to the emperor asking for forgiveness for the murder of his father, and promising to be a good citizen, and asking if he might come back to Russia. The emperor pardoned the murderer of his father, and the forgiven assassin is now living in Russia, unless recently deceased.

When I talked to the empress concerning the sympathy felt in America for the sufferings of the drought-struck regions of Russia, she evinced an absorbing interest and a compassion and an emotion of manner and speech such as we men can hardly realize, because it seems that God has reserved for woman as her great adornment the coronet, the tear jewelled coronet of tenderness and commiseration. If you say that it was a man, a divine man that came to save the world, I say yes; but it was a woman that gave the man. Witness all the Madonnas—Italian, German, English and Russian—that bloom in the picture galleries of Christendom. Son of Mary, have mercy on us!

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from our American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia, only four hundred and forty-three political prisoners were sent to Siberia in twenty years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during our four years of civil war? Well, I will guess at least one hundred thousand. America's one hundred thousand political prisoners versus Russia's four hundred and forty-three political prisoners. Nearly all these four hundred and forty-three of twenty years were noblemen or people desperately opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. And none of the political prisoners is sent to the famous Kara mines.

For the most part you are dependent for information upon the testimony of prisoners who are sent to Siberia. They all say they were innocent. Prisoners always are innocent. Ask all the prisoners of America to-day, "Guilty or not guilty?" and nineteen out of twenty will plead "Not guilty." Ask them how they like their prison, and how they like sheriffs, and how they like the government of the United States, and you will find these prisoners admire the authority that arrested them and punished them just about as much as the political prisoners of Russia like Siberia.

But you ask how will this Russophobia, with which so many have been bitten and poisoned, be cured? By the God of Justice blessing such books and pamphlets as are now coming out from Professor de Arnaud, of Washington; Mr. Horace Cutter, of San Francisco; Mr. Morrill, of England, and by the opening of our American gates to the writings of some twenty-four of the Russian authors and authoresses, in some respects as brilliant as the three or four Russian authors already known—the translation of those twenty-four authors, which I am authorized from Russia to offer free of charge to any responsible American publishing house that will do them justice.

Let these Russians tell their own story, for they are the only ones fully competent to do the work, as none but Americans can fully tell the story of America, and as none but Germans can fully tell the story of Germany, and none but Englishmen can fully tell the story of England, and none but Frenchmen can fully tell the story of France. Meanwhile let the international defamation come to an end. Cease to speak evil of dignities merely because they are dignities, and of presidents merely because they are presidents, and of emperors merely because they are emperors.

And may the blessing of God the Father, and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be upon all the members of the imperial household of Russia, from the illustrious head of that family down to the princess seven years of age, who came skipping into my presence in the palace of Peterhof last summer! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!

Deaths at a "Zoo."

Some curious and interesting facts have just been placed on record in regard to the cause of death among the inhabitants in the London Zoological Gardens. Out of 126 consecutive cases of deaths from all causes, no fewer than forty-one, or 32½ per cent., were due to tuberculosis. The chief mortality in this respect was among the monkeys and birds, and these fell victims to the disease at all ages. "Sally," the chimpanzee, whose untimely decease excited so much public notice a few months ago, died of disseminated tuberculosis. Besides the birds and the monkeys, tuberculous disease was found in several other animals. The peculiarities of the English climate are shown by the fact that bronchitis is a very common disease among the animals; but, on the other hand, diseases of the heart are very rare. No mention is made of cancer, a malady which authorities have pointed out is sometimes met with in domesticated animals, and but seldom if ever in wild ones. Rickets, curiously enough, is recorded as being very common among the animals in the gardens—a fact which seems to point to some irregularities or deficiencies in diet. Among the deaths which may be described as due to the casualties, mention may be made of a white-tailed eagle, which indiscreetly attempted to swallow a large bone five inches in length. Again, a common shelldrake apparently committed suicide on account of the death of its mate. Soon after the latter melancholy incident occurred the bird was found dead, and examination of its remains showed that it had asphyxiated itself by blocking the upper portions of its respiratory passages with mud. Lastly, the death of a crane is worthy of notice, inasmuch as the bird had been an inhabitant of the gardens for forty-two years.—Boston Transcript.

Color Perception in Savage Races.

From various investigations made of the subject the opinion would appear to be justified that savage races possess the perception of color to a greater degree than do civilized races. This is made evident by the facts presented by Dr. Webster Fox before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, his statement covering the results of some two hundred and fifty examinations among Indian children, one hundred of these being boys. Researches of this character show that in a selection of one hundred white boys from various parts of the United States, at least five of the number would have proved color blind. Among all these Indian boys not a single case of the kind was discovered. Some years ago an examination by Dr. Fox of 250 Indian boys resulted, he stated, in the discovery that two were color blind—a very low percentage when compared with the whites—while none of the Indian girls were thus affected.—New York Tribune.

A Curious Calculation.

The following remarkable calculations on the capacity of Heaven, which has frequently been published, but is a curiosity in its way and well worthy a place among our other "wonders," is taken bodily from Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious." The basis of the calculation, which will furnish much food for thought, is found in Revelation xxi., 16, "And he measured the city of New Jerusalem with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length, the breadth and the height are equal."

Let us see. Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 948,088,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of Heaven, half the remainder for streets, leaving a balance of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this last by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and you will find that there is still enough left for 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 of inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 13 1-3 years, making in all 2,570,000,000 for each century, that the world will stand 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there are 100 worlds equal to this in point of inhabitants and duration of years, making 297,000,000,000,000, then Heaven, according to the measurement above, is large enough to allow 100 rooms each 16 feet square to the human soul.

According to the last census the Order of Christian Brothers numbers 19,700 members, 1,300 houses of education, and over half a million pupils.

The oldest engraved likeness of Columbus appears in a Latin literary work by Paolo Giovio (Paulus Jovius, in Latin form), dated 1575. This woodcut is thought to have been copied from a picture which Jovius had placed in a gallery of notable people which he had formed in his villa at Lake Como. The collection is now scattered, but the portrait is known to have figured in it.

Some Uses for Borax.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air-tight will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red bordered tablecloths and napkins will prevent their fading.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the fine dry powder very often.

Silver spoons and forks, in daily use, may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whitten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it well. Rinse thoroughly in clear water.

For washing fine nice flannels, nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a teaspoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this way.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods, put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.—[Good Housekeeping.

Little Wonders.

A London (England) woman has patented a machine for making watch screws that is provided with a thread cutter so delicate as to be almost invaluable. It will cut perfect threads on the finest human hair.

A Meriden (Conn.) cutlery factory has just finished a wonderful toy—a perfect pocket knife with thirty blades, pinchers, shears, awls, etc., which weighs but one-eighth of an ounce.

It would take three and one-fourth thousand (3,250) of the little vegetable parasites which grow on the human hair to cover the white centre of a nonpareil "o."

A prisoner in the Bohemian reformatory has finished a perfect running straw watch which is said to be "no larger than a shirt button."

A piece of frog's skin not larger in diameter than the rubber tip on your lead pencil has more pores in it than there are meshes in the mosquito netting on your screen door.

If you had as many lenses in each eye as the common dragon fly has each of your organs of sight would be as big as a box car.

Electricity.

Among other things electricity is likely to effect in the near future is a saving in the number of servants required in a large household. Its use is now being combined with that of natural gas in a very effective way in Buffalo. The master or mistress of the houses that are supplied with both these convenient elements can, upon awakening, touch an electric button in the head board of the bedstead and light the fire in the dressing room, dining room or kitchen. Another electric signal arouses the cook, and by the time she reaches the kitchen a hot fire is awaiting her. The house meanwhile becomes warm throughout, so that all the members of the family can dress in comfort.—[Chicago News-Record.

In Trousseau's new book, "The Hygiene of the Eye," the author gives certain statistics based upon causes operating in the 627 cases of blindness that have appeared at his clinic during the past ten years. Nearly one-half of these 626 blind persons had been attacked by some curable disease, and lost their sight unnecessarily. With proper medical care they could have remained useful beings instead of becoming useless and a burden to their friends.

Would Be Liberal.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that the summer residents of a Cape Cod town made up their minds that they must have a casino. The building was intended pretty strictly for their own use, but it seemed wise to enlist the interest of the natives in the project, especially as the projectors wished to secure a site at as low a figure as possible. A building and finance committee was appointed, and an old resident, a Mr. Buffon, was made one of the three members of it.

He was owner of the lot on which the summer cottagers had set their hearts. At the first meeting of the committee the matter of contributions was broached. Mr. Buffon left his colleagues in no doubt as to his position. He declined to contribute a cent.

Then the two cottagers labored with him over the site. Fifteen hundred dollars was his lowest figure. They explained to him the advantages that would accrue to the place through the erection of the casino, and the inevitable enhancement of the value of his other property; but he held out for fifteen hundred dollars. Finally one of the committee said:

"Mr. Buffon, you shall either knock off something from the price of the lot, or, if we buy it for fifteen hundred dollars, you should make a handsome contribution."

"Well," said Mr. Buffon, "I'm ready to do something for you. I can't let the land go for less than fifteen hundred dollars, but if you make the figure sixteen hundred dollars, I am ready to contribute one hundred dollars to the fund."

The meeting was adjourned on motion of one of the summer visitors.

A Bit of Correspondence.

A remarkable correspondence has been published, ending in a true Irish fashion. It begins:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keeps his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."

MRS. GUMSHUN calls her children "stars" because they don't know how to act.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Annie W. Jordan

Of 165 Tremont St., Boston, was in very poor health, from bad circulation of the blood, having rush of blood to the head, numb spells and chills, and the physician said the veins were almost bursting all over her body. A collision with a double runner brought on neuralgia of the liver, causing great suffering. She could not take the doctor's medicine, so took

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

and soon fully recovered, and now enjoys perfect health. She says she could praise Hood's Sarsaparilla all day and then not say enough.

Hood's Pills are hand-made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

It is better to take Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil when that decline in health begins—the decline which precedes consumption—rather than wait for the germ to begin to grow in our lungs.

"Prevention is better than cure;" and surer. The saying never was truer than here.

What is it to prevent consumption?

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

39

DO YOU EXPECT TO BECOME A MOTHER?

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Assists Nature, Lessens Danger, and Shortens Labor.

"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with her other children than she did all together with her last, after having used four bottles of MOTHER'S FRIEND,' says a customer.

HENDERSON DALE, Druggist, Carmi, Ill.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA

FOR THE LADIES.

QUEER TOILET PRACTICE.

The Japanese women adopt the singular method of gilding their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. In some parts of India the pearl of the tooth must be dyed black before a woman can be beautiful. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow and frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin and then drawing them through.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE MOTHER GOOSE BONNET.

The bonnet known as the Mother Goose, with its high, narrow crown, its poke brim, its stiff feathers and bows standing up just in front, is much liked on the other side of the water. The first one worn in London appeared on the head of Mrs. Langtry. It was of cream-white straw, the feathers of pale green, and the ribbons a veritable lavender. This French combination, which is so picturesque, is historical as well, inasmuch as Petrarch tells us he saw these shades in the gown of Laura when he first met her.—[Detroit Free Press.

THOSE HIDEOUS SLEEVES.

The necessity which women seem to be under—we mean, of course, women in the abstract, the universal, and not in any special sense at all—to have something preposterous and deforming in their dress, was never better illustrated by anything—not even by crinoline—than it is by this incoming style of dress which makes women all shoulders. Six inches of waist diameter surmounted by a yard of shoulders is not a whit less ridiculous than a little body sticking up out of the summit of a mountain of skirts, and will not be regarded as less ridiculous by the judgment of an impartial posterity. And this we are to have at a time when people of taste, of both sexes, were congratulating themselves that women's dress was at last beginning to obey the obvious inspiration of Nature, and follow, in a general way, at least, the lines of the form!—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

SILK APRONS.

Pongee and white China silk are among the very prettiest materials of which those dainty work-aprons, in which all good needlewomen delight, are made. The simplest pattern for such an apron consists of a single breadth of silk, hemmed at the sides and turned up at the bottom about one-quarter its length, to form a little pocket. The pocket is often "powdered" in embroidery, with violets, rose-petals, or any other small flower. A drawing-string is run in the top of the pocket, and extends across the apron back of the pocket. The top of the apron may be tucked away with the work in the pocket when the apron is not in use, the strings may be drawn, and behold! the apron becomes a comfortable sized handbag to carry on the arm. The work pockets are especially pretty, embroidered with white violets with green stems, or seeded with tiny yellow primroses of palest color.—[New York Tribune.

DRESS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

Class distinctions are more decidedly drawn in England than elsewhere in Europe, but the women all dress so near alike that there is no way to tell to what class a woman belongs, except by the uncertain standard of smartness or shabbiness of attire. When her grace the duchess has finished with a gown it is sold to a dealer, and re-appears soon after upon the back of some one lower in the social scale. There is, of course, nothing wrong in selling cast-off clothes, but it seems to me that in doing so her grace in some way besmirches her high nobility.

There is one exception to the rule that all women in England dress alike. There are two classes which an observant person soon learns to distinguish without chance of failure. These are the west end shop girl and the barmaids in the hotels, restaurants, and railway stations. I don't know that it is true, but I suspect that personal appearance has a good deal to do with securing such positions, for it is very rare to see one of these young women who is not well to look upon. And they are the best dressed women in London.

They do not have the most expensive clothes, but they seem to hold together better, and the tout ensemble is more harmonious. And what is more, their boots and gloves are trim and in order; but, alas! the inevitable hat! Even the shop girls have not escaped that. The shoulders of English women are, I think, naturally broad—certainly broader on the average than the shoulders of American women. Their habit of tight lacing accentuates this and makes them seem still broader. This peculiarity is more exaggerated in the shop girls and barmaids than in the other classes, for those comely young women lace till their waists are literally wasp-like.—[Godey's Magazine.

A RATHER USEFUL FAD.

One of the fads of the present season and one which promises to become more or less popular among the ladies, is the manufacture of their own trimmings for under wear.

In England and France during the last season, at the afternoon teas and at the meetings of ladies' clubs and societies, the making of lace was distinctly popular. The ladies who visited abroad have come home bringing with them dainty patterns, and the disease is sure to spread. The knitting and crocheting of lace is the most liked of these occupations. The dainty, cobwebby patterns which our grandmothers used to create with two knitting needles and a spool of fine linen thread are all being revived, and from them the ingenious fair ones are evolving new and more intricate patterns.

A young society lady who is to become a bride just after next Easter announces with pride that she is to make all the lace for her trousseau with her own fingers. More than this, she is to do much of the needlework for underwear of fine nainsook, made entirely by hand.

Hems, tucks and puffs are not now the correct thing. A waste of time? Well, why? These fair ladies have been in the habit of being busy at nothing. They simply utilize time which otherwise would go to waste. Is it not rather to the young lady's credit to be able to display beautiful specimens of her own handiwork? Then, too, think how charming she may appear in the eyes of her devoted admirers of the other sex—those gentlemen who think strong-minded women are so unwomanly, and that this sort of thing is much more suited to the display of woman's talents.

There is another thing to be taken into consideration. Nothing will so effectually display dainty, jewelled fingers and pink-tinted polished nails as the handling of the knitting needles. They are learning to knit, too, these fair ones, and a very popular gift this winter from young ladies to their gentlemen friends will be silk socks which they have knitted, every stitch with their own fair fingers.—[New York Herald.

MOURNING FADS AND FANCIES.

Fashion is tyrannical. It invades even the sacred precincts wherein the grim angel of death has of late been a visitor. One must not feel it incumbent to wear the garb of mourning for a lost relative, but that garb should conform with the mandates of fashion. In mourning it is not proper to use note paper bordered with black. The smart way is to have a black triangle at the top left hand corner of the paper and envelope. It is not proper to wear fringe of any sort, nor black velvet, nor black ostrich feathers, nor blue-black materials, nor diamonds in rings or in the ears. A sensible decree of Mrs. Grundy is that bright flowers shall form the funeral wreaths, and that light and beauty shall not be excluded from the afflicted household. Apropos of mourning costumes, black was used by the Roman women under the republic; under the emperors white was adopted. Grecian women covered their faces and wore black. In France mourning apparel was formerly white, and in Spain white serge prevailed. The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese also wore white. The Ethiopians wore gray and the Peruvians mouse color. The Turks wore blue or violet, and the Syrians and Armenians blue. Rabelais said: "Black is the sign of mourning because it is the color of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite of white, which is the color of light, of joy and happiness." White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates where the soul ranges after death; yellow or death leaf exhibits death as the end of hope, and man falling like a leaf in autumn; gray is the color of the earth, our common mother; black indicates eternal night.—[New Orleans Picayune.

FASHION NOTES.

Russian coats are heavily trimmed with fur and opened on the left side.

Wind-mill bows of satin or gros-grain ribbon will be used for dress trimming.

Porcelain toast racks are seen in the newest sets of breakfast china.

More double width veiling is used which is draped thickly under the chin.

Corded silks, bengalines, brocaded and plain satins are suitable for wedding gowns.

Elegant black nets for evening costumes show a spangled border and all-over jet designs.

Figured velvets are slowly re-appearing as reception toilets, combined with plain velvet.

Velvet ribbons, Nos. 7 and 9, and satin ribbons, No. 16, are the best for bonnet strings.

Hem-stitching, tucks, embroidery and duffs are all seen in masses of decoration on fine underwear.

Accordion-plaited skirts of vailing or cashmere with guimpe waists are worn by small girls.

A novelty in jewelry is a small, brown, enameled jug with the handle and top set in diamonds.

New handkerchiefs are of chiffon, and are embroidered in fine and delicate designs.

Long, slender gold chains, ornamented at intervals with pearls, are the newest things in watch chains.

Neat French silks have satin grounds shot in two distinct colors, with small figures of the lighter one.

Golden brown and light reddish violet shades form one of the striking stylish combinations of the season.

Palm leaves are beginning to appear so frequently as to destroy the idea that they are extreme novelties.

A striped velvet and satin shows two-inch plain velvet and satin stripes, the latter being broche and holding a stamped velvet design.

A magnificent black velvet dinner dress is trimmed with a border and Empire girdle of jet and ruby bead embroidery done on the material.

Wraps show a combination of heavy corded or rough bourette striped silks and velvet brocade of dark designs on a bright broche surface.

Dainty after-dinner coffee spoons are of gold, with handles of mother-of-pearl tipped with the metal, embossed like the bowl.

A REPORTER'S ADVENTURE.

Three o'clock in the morning is an uncanny hour the world over except at police headquarters or in the office of a morning newspaper, and it was in this latter place, at the hour named, that four or five reporters, having sent in all their copy and listened to the foreman swear for fifteen minutes because he had two columns of space and ten columns of matter that "must go in," sat with their feet on the tables and their chairbacks knocking the plastering off, talking over the subject which is just as new to-day as it was when Adam doffed his beaver and said "How d'y' do?" to Eve. Every fellow in the crowd was a bachelor, and each one was informing the other in all seriousness that he should marry.

"What for?" inquired Claude Brown of Frank Jones,

"Because," replied Frank, "it's the only proper way to live."

"A nice husband a reporter would make," said Claude in rebuttal, "coming in at 3 o'clock a. m. and leaving home as soon as he got his 12 o'clock breakfast."

"But his wife would always know where he was, and if she didn't, she'd know wherever he was he was after an item and had to be back at the office on time," remarked Charlie Smith.

"Well," put in Claude, "if you think it's such a great snap, why don't you get married?"

"Can't," said Charlie, very positively.

"Why not?"

"Thunderation, man, how's a fellow to buy a whole steamboat when he hasn't money enough to buy a splinter off a stage plank? How's a man to buy a house and lot when he can't buy a shovel full of dirt?"

"That's it," interrupted Claude; "how's a man to do anything if he doesn't do it? What's the matter with marrying a rich girl?"

"Where's the girl?" queried Charlie.

"Plenty of them. Girls with money always need a disbursing agent, and they will trust a husband when they won't trust an elder in the church. Besides, what's the good of her money if the girl has her heart set on a husband and can't get him?"

Smith argued awhile against matrimony and at half-past 3 started for home. He was thinking the conversation over, and as he trudged along it occurred to him that a bachelor was not only a knot on a log, but he was a very lonesome knot.

His way led him through the aristocratic portion of the city, and as he passed a fine house his reverie was disturbed by the peculiar click of a turning lock, and the matrimonial line of thought was knocked all away by the reportorial instinct, and he saw, instead of a blushing, blooming Mrs. Smith, a burglar cracking a millionaire's dining-room and making off with his silver. He thought of the beautiful scoop he was going to have on the other fellows, and slipping into the shadow he waited and listened. Click went the lock again, as if the burglar was more anxious to open the door than he was to preserve the ordinary burglarious quiet. The reporter scrutinized the door closely and discovered that the burglar was not on the outside, but was evidently within and was working his way out, and he felt a thud of excitement at the though of being able to capture his man with the boodle on his person. He slipped his revolver out of his pocket, trained it on the door, and an instant afterward the door swung open and Charlie was ready to cry "throw up your hands," when instead of a burglar a ghost came out.

"It can't be a ghost," he whispered in an assuring tone to himself, "for ghosts don't unlock doors. They just come right through them. But if it isn't a ghost, what the deuce is it?"

He hadn't long to wait, for whoever or whatever it was came out into the vestibule and down the steps slowly, as if uncertain of its movements, and when about half way to the pavement stopped.

"By garry," said the reporter, "it's a woman, and she's got on a night gown. I'll have to see about this," and with his revolver ready in case of accident, he stepped out of the shadow and spoke to the ghostly walker.

"Good evening," he said, nervously. "No, excuse me, I mean good morning. If you're going to market, maybe you'd better go back and put on an ulster."

Ordinarily Charlie would have been more gallant, but this was anything but an ordinary affair, and he didn't require newspaper instinct to tell him so.

The sheeted figure made no reply, but moved again and came toward him. The cold chills chased each other down his back and he looked for a policeman, with the usual result.

"Stand back," he said, "this pistol ain't loaded, but it might go off."

But on it came and Charlie found that his legs wouldn't move in spite of all he could do to make them.

One step more and he stood face to face with his strange discovery, and Charlie found that it was not only a woman, but a young and handsome one, and he began to feel better.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the night air is cool and you appear to be dressed rather lightly. Can I render you any assistance? Is there anyone in the house that has frightened you?"

Still no answer, and Charlie, emboldened by his own words, stepped to the young woman's side and gently took her by the arm.

She turned her face to him and then the mystery was solved.

"Another Amina," he said. "'La Sonnambula' off the stage, with a reporter as first tenor and leading man. Well, this is a go!"

"I've got to take her in the house anyhow, that's plain," he said to himself, and he gently led the willing walker back up to the door and rang the bell, and rang it with a forty-horse-power draft.

The next minute the beautiful sleepwalker was no longer asleep, but wide awake, and Charlie had a very plump young woman in his arms in a dead faint, and he made a dash with his burden into the hall, only to meet a healthy young man in even less dishabille.

"What's this?" he shouted, making a grab at Charlie's throat.

"Shut the door, you idiot," gurgled Charlie, dropping the girl on the floor and almost putting his foot on her, after the manner of sic semper tyrannis.

"What does this mean?" again shouted the young man, and the remainder of the family came tumbling down stairs, none of them fixed to see company.

"Let go of me and shut that door, and I'll tell you," wheezed Charlie. "You don't want to raise the neighborhood and bring the patrol wagon, do you?"

Some of the other members of the family by this time had rescued the reporter and shut the door, and while the mother and the servants carried the unconscious girl up-stairs, Charlie told the father and son how he had met the young lady and what the trouble was. Both men knew him by sight, and had met him on 'Change and elsewhere, and it was not difficult to explain the situation.

Half an hour later the reporter was at home, in bed and dreaming sweet dreams of pretty girls and all sorts of romantic things.

When he reached the office next day a note was waiting for him and he was invited to call that evening on the mother of the young lady.

He called, of course. He saw the mother; he saw the daughter, blushing and beautiful, and now if Charlie is a bachelor much longer there will be a breach of promise suit or some other dreadful calamity, for Charlie's mind is made up.—[W. J. L., in Detroit Free Press.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Put into a stone pot a quantity of raspberries and mash them thoroughly. Add to the pulp cider-vinegar enough to cover it well. Let it stand in the sun all day, and over night in a cool cellar. Stir frequently during this time; then strain the juice, replace it in the jar, and put in the same quantity of fresh berries as at first. Treat them in the same way as the first, by standing in the sun by day and in the cellar over night. Strain this, and add to each quart of juice one pint of water; mix the water and juice thoroughly, and strain; then, for every three pints of this liquid add five pounds of best white sugar. Place this over a fire and stir until the sugar is all dissolved; then heat slowly to the boiling point, skimming carefully all the time. As soon as it is fairly boiling, take from the fire and strain again, bottle while hot, and cover the corks with sealing-wax. A few spoonfuls of this preparation in a glass of water make a most delicious and refreshing beverage.—Ledger.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time but finally injure the system.

The indispensable servant is master of the situation.

"Your Work in Life."

A series of 13 articles by successful men in as many pursuits is one of the many strong groups of articles which are announced in *The Youth's Companion* for 1893. "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw" is the topic of another series by United States Generals. The prospectus for the coming year of *The Companion* is more varied and generous than ever. Those who subscribe at once will receive the paper free to Jan. 1, 1893, and for a full year from that date. Only $1.75 a year. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The mother tongue is probably the language of Mars.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous illness. Beecham's Pills sell well because they cure. 25 cents a box.

Fame is a bright robe; but it soon wears out at the elbows.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.

-How is-
-Your Blood?-

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Yorkville, S. C.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Mannsville, I. T.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Diabetes,
Excessive quantity and high colored urine,
La Grippe,
Cures the bad after effects of this trying epidemic and restores lost vigor and vitality.
Impure Blood,
Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches.
General Weakness,
Constitution all run down, loss of ambition, and a disinclination to all sorts of work.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

ALWAYS THUS.

Pilot Knob, Mo.

Suffered 20 Years. Mr. Henry P. Travers, formerly of this place, suffered with chronic rheumatism for 20 years, and was treated at times by several doctors.

ST. JACOBS OIL

cured him. No return of pain in 3 years. G. A. Farrar.

No Return 3 Years.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.

Bile Beans Small.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

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Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 259 W. 125th St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

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BNU 28

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The Future Great, the peerless jewel of the Upper Missouri Valley, is already

THE LEADING CITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Her location, natural resources and advantages are actually perfect for making a very large city.

Small investments made in Pierre to-day, at the present low prices, will grow into a fortune in the near future. Choice lots can be had on the installment plan, or with a discount for cash.

I refer to the many good Eastern people who have invested through me in Pierre, and I will be glad to correspond with you.

For special quotations and further information write to me,

CHAS. L. HYDE, Pierre, S. D.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. DEC. 1.

A DESERVING DEMOCRAT.

When the new Democratic administration gets into power, and begins to make appointments why not give a plum to anable, hard working Democrat in this county? No recognition would be more deserved, and no appointment more ably filled than that of 4th assistant postmaster general, by D. F. Fortney, esq., the Democratic war horse of central Pennsylvania. Gen. Hazen, of Norristown, now holds this position, and as he will have to vacate by virtue of the popular will of Nov. 8th, let another Pennsylvanian be put in his place, who has done as hard work for the party as any man in the state, which is Mr. Fortney.

We make this suggestion without the knowledge of this gentleman, nor do we know that he is seeking an appointment, but because we like to see true worth and merit recognized.

The Republicans are very much exercised over what the new administration will do about the tariff, forgetting that all the trouble was caused by what the present administration did in that line.

It's a mighty mean principle to hunger for big profits and begrudge the smaller profits your neighbor enjoys.

A PENSION FOR JUDGES.

A bill is to be introduced in the next legislature to pension judges of the courts after having served a certain term of years. This would be legislation for a class hence unconstitutional. Why should a judge who held a soft snap be pensioned more than a farmer who plowed and sowed a certain period of time, or a tailor who made breeches a certain time, or a shoemaker, or even the hod carrier? When these get old, few of them have little or nothing laid up for a rainy day, while a judge usually has, and if he has not he is no more entitled to a pension than the wornout farmer, or tailor, or hod carrier.

The people will not stand such nonsense, and the fellows who vote for it will not be re-elected.

In Kansas they talk of electing a woman, Mrs. Lease, to the U. S. Senate.

President Harrison is reported as saying that his tariff views have not been changed by defeat. Since the tariff views of the American people have changed, if Harrison wants to make himself lonesome, it is his own matter.

Cleveland has gone duck shooting in order to get rid of the office seekers, and he brought down at least a half dozen of the "quacks" the first day.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS WILL DO.

The *Tribune* observes that "five million workers in this country are especiallv interested to know what the Democratic party will do about the tariff." Inasmuch as six and a half millions or more of citizens, mostly workers, voted for Grover Cleveland and tariff reform after six years, consideration of the subject, it is fair to presume that their wishes will be carried out. What the Democratic party will "do about the tariff" is to reduce it to reasonable figures, as the people have instructed it to do.—New York *World*.

There is one consolation, while everybody was fooled by the comet, all can soon hang up their stockings for Santa Claus.

It looks now as if the electoral vote of California will be divided between Harrison and Cleveland. Harrison can't stand many more such divisions, as it will leave him little to divide on.

A Republican now files an excuse for their defeat that many of his party remained from the polls scared by the comet, which meant the end of the world. It only meant the end of Republican rule.

It would seem it was too cloudy for the comet to strike the earth on Sunday night. The strike did not come off.

Enormous crops of wheat in the northwest, beyond all anticipation, are reported, which has a tendency to keep prices down. Alas for the eastern farmer.

Congress meets in a few days—beginning of December, which session is the end of Republican domination in the senate. When the new congress meets the Democrats will be on top, and to stay too.

TARIFF TAXES AND LABOR COST.

The present tariff contains hundreds of duties that are from three to twenty-five times the difference in labor cost. It contains many duties that exceed 100 per cent. A duty of this magnitude exceeds the entire value of the goods. Much more does it exceed the entire labor cost. Very much more does it exceed the difference in labor cost. But the Repnblicans would have had the people believe that the McKinley tariff was framed in accordance with the doctrine of the Minneapolis platform!

We say again that we do not think the party of revision will go beyond the limits marked by that doctrine which the Republicans falsely and fraudulently professed to accept and uphold. A reduction of existing duties until they should be equal to the difference in labor cost would sweep some of the present duties away altogether, and would leave a great many of them very far below the level of the Mills bill. The declaration in the Minneapolis platform was inserted by men who know this, and who sought to fool the people.—New York *Times*.

Voted and Died.

Newport (Perry county) *News* tells the following story: Mr. Henry D. Smith had been growing feeble as the years advanced, and, appreciating the fact that his time was near at hand, he upon more than one occasion expressed the hope that he might be spared to vote for Grover Cleveland. He went down town on Tuesday morning and accompanied his old friend and family physician, Dr. H. O. Orris, to the polls. This was sixty one years he voted the Democratic ticket. By reason of his advanced age he was unable to prepare his own ballot properly and requested Dr. Orris to do it for him. The doctor marked him up a straight Democratic ticket according to his directions, and then handed him the ballot. Just as he was in the act of starting to deposit his ballot he sank down upon his knees, held up his ballot with his fast failing strength and would have fallen to the floor had not Dr. Orris caught him in his arms. The ballot was passed to the inspector and went its way into the ballot box, and with this remarkable scene the life of Henry D. Smith almost closed. He was then carried to his home on Market street, only a short distance. He never regained consciousness and died at 8.20 Wednesday morning.

DEATH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Rev. Dr. John W. Scott, the venerable father-in-law of President Harrison, died shortly after four o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The end that had been awaited with so much dread and anxiety all the forenoon came in the afternoon. The aged invalid passed away without a struggle, as quietly and as peacefully as a child falls asleep. He had been unconscious for hours, and was unable to recognize his weeping friends at his bedside. Stimulants were administered hypodermically, but only served to defer the inevitable. The president and family are very much prostrated at their bereavement.

A Fatal Accident.

At Bellefonte Thursday evening Henry Estright was run over by the engine of Lock Haven mail at the station. He had started across the track to take his train for Snow Shoe, where he resides, when he was struck by the locomotive, which was coming backward. The pony wheels caught him and rolled him over and over on the track, bruising his arm and head in a frightful manner. He was taken into the Bush house, where the arm was amputated near the shoulder. After suffering in terrible agony he died Friday morning. He was sixty years old and leaves a wife and family.

Verdict in His Favor.

Last week argument court was held at Bellefonte and among the cases tried was that of George W. Krumbine vs. Patrick Dooley estate. The case had been tried once before and the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the estate. The case involves the real estate of Patrick Dooley of Bellefonte, dec'd., who before his death assigned the property to Krumbine, who was Dooley's son-in-law. The heirs contested the legality of the transfer and the court decided against Krumbine, who appealed, and the jury sustained his claim.

It is not always popular to stand up for what is right; that's the reason some folks are ever afraid to do so. They will prefer to run with the crowd in the wrong direction, rather than manfully to pursue the right, unless the larger crowd goes in that direction.

Some of the Applicants.

S. A. McQuiston, D. F. Fortney, Miles Kephart and Hammond Secnler are after the Bellefonte postoffice. Edward Munson, Robert Kinkead, Col. George E. Parker and A. J. Gordon would like to pass the mail to the Philipsburg people.

Nightshall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Just like a Cough or Cold does after you use Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. 25 and 50 cents at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Sixty Million Bushel of Wheat.—A Bushel for every Inhabitant of the United States. The Kansas Crop of '92.

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the great crop and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye barley and oat crops are made and are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands

3

The Property Owner Liable.

The case of Brookville borough vs. Richard Arthurs was terminated in the Jefferson county court recently, and the borough received a verdict of over $5600. The question to be decided was whether the individual property holder should be held liable for damages occurring from defective sidewalks "after the owner had been notified to repair the same." The case arose out of a Mrs. Brosius recovering $5,000 damages from the borough for injuries received, and now the borough recovers off the owner, Mr. Arthurs. An appeal is likely to follow.

Service and Worth.

We are abreast of the times and in advance of the seasons bringing in the finest stock of Fall and Winter Clothing. The dollar you spend with us goes farther, lasts longer, gets more style, more quantity, and does you more good, in service worth and wear than money spent elsewhere. Our goods and prices now waiting for your nspection will prove this.

SAMUEL LEWIN, Clothier.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no medicine has had greater success in curing Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Consumption, than Pan-Tina. This celebrated remedy stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs, and induces a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and life-saving virtues of this great remedy. Pan-Tina costs only 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

—Good assortment of Ladies Coats at C. P. Longs, Spring Mills.

TREATMENT
BY
INHALATION!

1529 Arch St., Philad'a Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

AND ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

It has been in use for more than twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommend it—a very significant fact.

It is agreeable. There is no nauseous taste, nor after-taste, nor sickening smell.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mod of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
Please mention this paper. 18ep9m

Farmers Look!

I am now prepared to furnish Farm Implements and Repairs of all kinds at the *LOWEST PRICES!*

Special attention given to repairs.

BUGGIES, CARTS, :.
WAGONS and CARRIAGES, :.
FERTILIZERS and SEEDS.

All goods guaranteed.

Small goods delivered free of charge if ordered in due time.

W. L. GOODHART,
Millheim, - - - - - Pa.

LYON & Co.

:—: ARE :—:

- IN EARNEST -

The very best thing out—500 Boy's Suits at $1.25. They are given away at that price.

Men's Winter Pants, strong and good, worth $2 elsewhere, we half give them away at $1 per pair.

The very place to buy Boys' Clothing is where you can find a big stock of good goods—no end to our line of Cheviots and Cassimere Suits, double breasted, perfect fitting, well made and trimmed. Price, look! $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, and 8.00.

Young man, come and see us when you want a stylish, nobby, elegant fitting suit. We have all the new things in clothing. Our stock is fresh and clean and we never before had such an attractive line. Price, from $5 to $25 a suit.

The greatest line of Dress Goods, Cheviots, Serges, etc. *Send for samples.*

We have over two hundred different styles of Ladies,' Misses, and Children's Winter Coats. There is not such a stock outside of Philad. or New York, and we will ship same on approval, by express C. O. D., with the privilege of examining same before paying for them, by the purchaser paying expressage one way.

We have organized a Mail Order Department. Send for samples of new Dress Goods. We have an immense line.

Look at our line of low priced goods. Say you want something cheap for common wear, a men's suit at $3.50, —a winter coat for $1.50 and $1.75.

We have suits for little, wee toddlers. Ye fond mothers come and see our Jersey Suits in navy blue, bottle green, brown, trimmed in braids and embroideried—$2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00. All sizes, 3 years up.

Ladies, no matter how hard you may be to please in a coat, come and see our stock. We are sure to please you. There is not a style and price we do not have. Fur trimmed, $5, 5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00. Plain of any sort and from $3 up. Bound in wide braid at all prices. Misses' hoods in light colors, trimmed in light furs—fur loops, etc. Little girl's reefers and long coats from $1.50 up.

Chenile table covers from $1.25 to $5. A beautiful line. Table scarfs by the hundreds.

LYON & CO.,
Bellefonte, - Pa.

Look To Your Interest!

I have been to Eastern cities, and have put forth special efforts inselecting the finest and best stock of DryGoods Groceries.Notions, etc., ever brought to this valley.

Boots, Shoes, Clothing & Ladies Coats, A SPECIALTY.

A large assortment of Wool Shirts, Underwear, Wool and Canton Flannels, from the cheapest to the best. Cold weather is coming, and you will want a nice carriage blanket for driving, a horse blanket for the horse, and a bed blanket while asleep. We have them in many styles and at prices that will convince you they are bargains.

Will only quote a few prices, but call and be convinced that we can and will save you money, on fall and winter goods, as you will notice by the following:

Grey Bed Blankets, per pair,	$1 00	Linen Damask,	32
" " "	2 10	Boy's Overcoats,	3 00
White, " "	1 45	Youth's "	5 25
" " "	1 75	Men's "	8 25
Wool Horse Blankets, each,	1 35	Men's Heavy Overcoats,	5 75
Appleton Muslin, per yd.	07	Canton Flannel,	08
Gilt Edge " "	07	Ingrain Carpet,	25
Apron Gingham,	05	Stair Carpet,	18
Toweling, (good)	04½	Red Flannel, heavy,	40
Table Oilcloth, (best)	23	Ladies' Coats, @ 4 90, 7 00, 9 25, and $12.00.	

There is nothing that improves the appearance of a lady more than a Stylish Coat, We have novelties in this line that cannot be purchased elsewhere. In conclusion, you will find the stock complete, consisting of a line of goods such as you would expect in places like the bargain store.

C. P. LONG.

No Ifs or Ands!

When you purchase anything of us you receive actual value for money expended. You can return the goods at any time and have your money returned. We desire to merit your patronage, Our prices and manner of doing business with you is evidence of the fact.

FAUBLE'S,
BELLEFONTE, - - - - - - - PA.

Too Much Jamaica Ginger.

At the Eighth avenue M. E. church last Friday Rev. Leidy, of Bellwood, Revs. Brill and Gilbert, of Tyrone, Rev. Miller, of Altoona, and three other ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, appointed by Rev. Dr. Hamlin, presiding elder of this district were assembled to hear the testimony in a case against Rev. R. E. Wilson, pastor of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal church, this city, on the charge of intoxication, made by members of his congregation.

Testimony was offered by several witnesses to the effect that on November 3, while en route to Roanoak to attend a convention of the Railroad Men's Christian association, Rev. Wilson became intoxicated and remained in that condition for some time; that there was no liquor found about him, but he had an unmistakable appearance of being under its influence.

The defense made was that while at Harrisburg, where Rev. Wilson and some more of the party remained over night, he was taken sick and for relief took some jamaica ginger, getting an overdose of it.

A bottle of jamaica ginger was taken from Rev. Wilson while in this condition by some of the party he was with. The bottle was about two-thirds empty.

The hearing continued all day, and Tuesday night a verdict of guilty of intoxication without immoral conduct was given. Rev. Wilson was not censured and will probably appear in his church on Sunday as usual.—Altoona *Gazette*.

Pronounced Hopeless Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, regular size, 50c. and $1.00.

Telephone to Chicago.

The Telephone line between New York and Chicago is twice as long as any heretofore in use. Nearly a million pounds of copper were used in its construction, and if used for twenty hours each day it will earn at the rate of $14,000 per week. The ordinary tariff is $9 for five minutes' conversation. The instruments used on it are so perfect that even a whisper can be successfully transmitted across the 950 miles. At present only about six five-minute conversations in each hour can be put upon a long-distance circuit, as one-half the time is consumed in establishing connection, making appointments, etc., for which there was no charge.

Shortest on Record.

The Lewisburg correspondent of the Williamsport *Grit* chronicles a recent proceeding which will go on record. He says:

"A unique method of divorcement has been invented by a Lewisburg colored woman that is worthy of a patent right. The husband and wife had frequent quarrels; finally the husband threatened to get a divorce. "Divose, divose, was dot wat ye wants," retorted his spouse. "Ile gib ye won so quick ye don't know whar ye is," and seizing the marriage certificate that hung on the wall she tore it in two and gave him a half, with the laconic remark, "Git," and he got."

Will Wear a Suit of Snake Skins.

The Oil City Derrick says Peter Gruber of that city, a few days ago turned over to one of the tailors up there the material for a suit of clothes that probably cannot be duplicated in the world. It is to be made of the tanned hide of rattlesnakes that have been caught, killed and tanned by Gruber during the past four years. The outfit will consist of shoes, hat, collar, cuffs, necktie, shirt-bosom, coat, vest, and trousers, and will be finished during the next month. In these he will visit Chicago next summer.

Free Text Books.

In Clearfield county the free text book idea is growing. Already Huston, Sandy, Bradford, Curwensville, Houtzdale and Clearfield districts are furnishing books and materials free to the scholars, and twenty districts have lengthened their school terms beyond the six months' limit.

A Successful Tour.

The State College foot ball eleven on their tour last week defeated the Lafayette team at Wilkesbarre by a score of 16 to 0, and the Dickenson College team at Harrisburg by a score of 16 to 0. They were scheduled to play Lehigh at State College, on Saturday, but the game was cancelled.

Frescoing the Room.

Painter D. F. Luse is engnged in frescoing the Odd Fellows Lodge Room in the bank building. It will be a good job when done by him.

——Fine line Mens Overcoats. Can save 25 per cent. at C. P. Longs, Spring Mills.

PASTOR KOENIGS' NERVE TONIC

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

BULL'S-HEAD TRADE-MARK FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE BEST.

VANILLA, LEMON, ORANGE, GINGER, ROSE, ALMOND.

PRICE 10 C AND 25 C.

SEWELL'S Liquid Cement mends anything. Always ready. Price 10 cents.

DOCTOR J. B. HOBENSACK'S

ERRORS of YOUTH HOME CURE

MEDICAL OFFICES,

206 N. SECOND ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Are the oldest in America for the treatment of

Special Diseases & Youthful Errors,

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Strictures, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, permanently cured by improved methods without detention from business. The Doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A 40 years' establishment is our guarantee of success.

Treatment by Mail a Specialty.

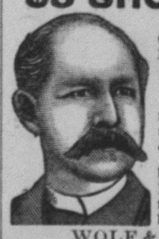
Office hours, 9 A. M., to 2 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. All day Saturday till 9 P. M. Sundays 10 to 12 A. M.

Send Stamp for Book. (Copyrighted.)

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.



And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which will appear in this paper.

Take no Substitute, but insist on having **W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES,** with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

WOLF & CRAWFORD.

CAUTION.—MY WIFE, AMANDA ROYER, having left my bed and board without any provocation whatever, all persons are hereby cautioned against selling her anything on my credit, as I will not be responsible for any bills or debts contracted by her.

JACOB F. ROYER,
Dec1-3t Tusseyville,

WANTED.—Wide-awake workers everywhere for "Shepp's Photographs of the World"; the greatest book on earth; costing $100,000; retail at $3.25, cash or installments; mammoth illustrated circulars and terms free; daily output over 1500 volumes.

Shepp's Photographs of the World.

Agents wild with success. Mr. Thos. L. Martin of Centreville, Texas, cleared $711 in 9 days; Miss Rose Adams, Wooster, Ohio, $23 in 40 minutes. Rev. J. Howard Madison, Lyons, N. Y., $101 in 7 hours; a bonanza; magnificent outfit only 1.00; Books on credit. Freight paid. Address, GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., or 358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 13oc6m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of David Sparr, dec'd late of Harris township, having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

SIMON HARPER, Executor,
Centre Hall, Pa.

ESTRAY HEIFER.—LOST ABOUT JUNE last, a red heifer, white head, red stripe across the nose, red around the eyes, and four white feet, about one and one-half years old, ring in one of its ears. Persons knowing of its whereabouts will be suitably rewarded for information.

J. E. KLINE,
cov17-3t Tusseyville, Pa.

For pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

THE

Philadelphia Press,

DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

A FAMILY PAPER

WHICH IS

Clean, Unsensational And Just The Paper

FOR THE

AMERICAN HOME.

THE PRESS has the best possible organization to secure news from the most important sources, and with nearly 400 correspondents in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the State and near-at-home news is covered with a routine carefulness and attention to detail not even attempted by any other paper.

THE PRESS has also the best of correspondents in all the great cities of the United States, as well as financial and railroad experts in Chicago and the West, who keep the paper more than abreast with events.

The columns of the SUNDAY PRESS are enriched by contributions from those whose names are written high in our lists of great authors, novelists, essayists, as well as from men of high rank in public life. The best authors know that their best audiences are the readers of the DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics THE PRESS knows no other master than the people and the past year has seen, as has been seen before, the marked fact that it is subservient to no political boss. It has no political ambitions to foster but looks after the interests of its readers, and delivers itself upon the issues of the day in a manner both frank and fearless, letting the facts speak for themselves and evading no issues, but meeting them all on the basis of fair play to all men at all times. Its pages know no distinctions and the rights of one class over another are neither recognized nor supported.

Advertisements of Help Wanted may be inserted in THE PRESS for One Cent a Word. Advertisements of Situations Wanted ½ Cent a Word, Special days for advertisements, Sunday, Wednesday, Saturday.

TERMS OF THE PRESS.

By mail, postage free in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Daily (except Sunday), one year,	$6.00
" " " one month,	.50
" (including Sunday), one year,	7.50
" " " one month,	.65
Sunday, one year,	2.00
WEEKLY PRESS, one year,	1.00

Drafts, Checks and other Remittances should be made payable to the order of

THE PRESS COMPANY LIMITED,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who has just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first systoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF sundry orders of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale at the residence of Eve Dashem, deceased, late of Potter township, on

o—o SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1892, o—o

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate: A fine farm situated about one mile south of Penn Cave station, and two and one-half miles west of Spring Mills, adjoining lands of John Bauberman, J. C. Bible, John Grove, W. H. Lucas, and others, containing

)—(100 ACRES AND 10 PERCHES)—(

and an allowance of 3 per cent, 60 acres of which is cleared and the balance is well timbered with pine hemlock, chestnut, rock oak, etc. Thereon erected a

—— GOOD HOUSE AND BARN ——

and good outbuildings. A good spring and well on the premises, also choice fruit, and convenient to churches and public schools.

Terms of sale: One-half cash and the residue in one year with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Adm'r of Sarah Dashem, and Ex'r of Catharine and Eve Dashem, dec'd.
JOHN KLINE, Att'y. H. HERSHBERGER,
Guardian of Harvey R. Royer.

DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St. below Green, Philadelphia, cures fresh cases in 4 to 10 days. Blood Poison, Strictures, Discharges, Ulcers, Pimples, Early Decay, all effects of Youthful errors cured after every one else has failed. 6 years' European Hospital and 26 years' practical experience. No experiment, no failure. Method entirely new and harmless. Never fails. Send 10 cts. in 3-ct. stamps for book "Truth," the exposure of quacks, their lieful books and false statements, fraudulent testimonials and home-cure swindle. Truth is a true friend to young and old. Hours: Daily, from 9 to 3; evenings, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12. Write or call and be saved.

A son of Mr. M. D. Pusser, a merchant of Gibralter, N. C., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism for a year or more as to be unable to work or go to school. His father concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm on the boy. It soon cured him and he has since walked one and a half miles to school and back every school day. 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well I that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,

"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2		5 50	Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 20		6 20	Lewisburg	9 10		4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58	7 25	7 58	Coburn	7 32	7 10	3 19
4 06	7 32	8 01	Zerby	7 24	7 02	3 10
4 15	7 50	8 10	Rising Spring	7 16	6 54	3 02
4 23	7 58	8 18	Penn Cave	7 10	6 48	2 54
4 28	8 03	8 24	Centre Hall	7 08	6 42	2 47
4 34	8 09	8 32	Gregg	6 57	6 36	2 40
4 40	8 16	8 37	Linden Hall	6 50	6 30	2 32
4 45	8 20	8 42	Oak Hall	6 45	6 25	2 27
4 49	8 24	8 46	Lemont	6 41	6 22	2 23
4 53	8 28	8 51	Dale Summit	6 37	6 17	2 18
5 02	8 37	9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28	6 09	2 08
5 05	8 40	9 04	Axemann	6 25	6 05	2 04
5 10	8 45	9 10	Bellefonte	6 20	6 00	2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10.25 a m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 05 p m

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THE NEWS.

Jabob Whittier forced six dynamite caps into Miss Dollie Walton's mouth, in Denver, and made her swallow them ——Robert Barbour, president of the Barbour Flax Spinning Company, died in Paterson, N. J., of apoplexy. He was born in Ireland in 1834. He came to this country in 1865, and established an extensive American industry. He was also interested in large linen works at Lisburn, Ireland. He left a fortune variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 ——Oliver P. Pindell, ex-president of the Commercial Travelers' Associations of the United States, and a popular traveling salesman for the past twenty years, died in Columbus, Ohio, aged forty-five.——A fire broke out in the Blossburg Mine, four miles south of Raton, N. M. Over a hundred men were at work in the mine, but all escaped through an abandoned shaft. All the mules and mine cars were destroyed. These mines are operated by the A. T. & S. F. Railroad, and are the largest in New Mexico, the average production being about seventy-five cars a day. About five hundred men are thrown out of work.——The Michigan Peninsula Car Company's works, in West Detroit, burned down. Loss will probably be half a million.——Sydney Wortham was shot and killed while on his way, with other good citizens, to raid a house of ill-repute in Danville, Ky.——Sam Lancaster drank six beer glasses of whiskey in Knoxville, Tenn., and dropped dead.

Mrs. D. E. Park, aged sixty six years, of Washington, D. C., a saloon passengar on the steamer Servia, which sailed from Liverpool on November 12, and arrived in New York, died on board on the 19th inst. of heart failure.——The hearse horses ran away in Brown City, Mich., and the body of Joshua Summers, which was being taken to the grave, was dashed through the glass and badly mutilated.——The steamer Anglomen arrived in Boston from Liverpool with the crew of the wrecked bark Cubena, of London.——Train-wreckers placed obstructions on the tracks of the Western and Atlantic Railroad two miles from Atlanta. The engine and four cars left the track. Engineer Squires and his fireman were seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. A train was wrecked at the same spot a year ago in the same way by fastening an iron band across the rails. The purpose of the wreckers is supposed to be robbery.——John Fulton, living near Reading, was shot by a party of trespassing sportsmen whom he ordered off the place.

Alexander Jones, James Fox and Henry Hughes have been found guilty of manslaughter in the District Court, in Plaquemine, La., for the murder of an Arab pedler on July 17 last.——The authorities of Cornell College, Iowa, are having considerable trouble with class fights among the students.——The large paper mills of C. S. Garrett & Sons, at Beaver Dam, in the western part of Chester county, Pa., were destroyed by fire and the loss is estimated at nearly $80,000. A frame dwelling near-by also was consumed, with its contents.——The Methodist Episcopal Church Conference of Alabama has decided to erect a Methodist college. To the college property will be added a medical college, law school, dental college and schools of divinity. One Alabama town has offered $15,000 to secure the location of the college. A movement is on foot to secure the college for Birmingham.——The condition of Mrs. Senator A. H. Colquitt, who was, several days ago, stricken with paralysis, is precarious, and death is not unexpected. Senator Colquitt, who was stricken with paralysis two months ago, is improving.——The Daily Citizen, a paper started two months ago by the Atlanta Typographical Union, was levied on for debt by the sheriff. Its publication will be discontinued.——Robert Welder was accidentally killed by a base-ball bat, while witnessing a game in Reading, Pa.——Gilbert Greenbury, chief of the Huntingdon, (Pa.) Fire Department was nearly drowned while trying to swim across the Juniata river, on an election bet.——There were no decorations in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, the result of a election bet between the pastor and a member of the church.

Despite the efforts of the health authorities of Philadelphia to stamp out diphtheria by isolation, the victims of the disease continue to increase. At noon, Health Officer Veale reported thirty-seven new cases in forty-eight hours. Last week 167 cases and 52 deaths were returned, and within a year there have been 4,176 cases and 1,211 deaths.——It is reported in San Francisco that the Chinese Exclusion law is having the effect of breaking up the business of the Chinese on the Slops, and many are returning to China.——Scott Bailey, a longshoreman, was mysteriously murdered in New Orleans within a square of the Second Precinct Police Station. He was seen in conversation with a well-dressed man on Chartres street, near Toulouse street, opposite a cheap lodging house, and suddenly a shot was fired and the well-dressed man was observed to escape around the corner. He was pursued, without success.——Rev. John Brown, one of the pioneer Methodist preachers in Illinois, died at the age of ninety-one years. He was a native of Virginia, came to Illinois in 1806, and had been a member of the Illinois Conference since then.

TORNADO IN ILLINOIS.

Several People Killed or Wounded and Much Damage Done at Redbud.

At 3:30 o'clock in the morning a tornado struck Redbud, Ill. It first demolished the Catholic church and school and the residence of Herman Drage. The German Lutheran church was next leveled to the ground. After destroying several barns and carrying away fences it next attacked the two-story stone residence of Peter Kendvill and crumbled it to fragments. Mrs. Kendall was severely injured.

A large double brick house occupied by D. D. Perry as a dwelling, office, and composing room of the Redbud Democrat, was destroyed. The family were buried in the ruins, but managed to extricate themselves without serious injury. Peterson's agricultural warehouse was blown down, and fourteen other residences were destroyed.

The eleven-year-old son of Mrs. Jacob Koch was killed instantly and his mother was fatally injured. Others seriously injured are:

Mrs. Peter Karden, Mrs. Louis Boger, Julius Hohn, Mr. Heilman, Adden Starr, Miss Emma Crow, Mrs. John Manderfeldt, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Perry. Many of the people were left without clothing and shelterless, and the cold rain made their situation the more deplorable. The property lost was estimated at $100,000.

FIGURES FOR FARMERS.

Secretary Rusk Submits His Annual Report.

Facts Which Are Considered Encouraging to Tillers of the Soil.

The report of the Secretary of Agriculture has been submitted to the President. The report begins with a comparison of the export trade of the past fiscal year with that of former years, and emphasizes the fact that of the more than $1,030,000,000 representing the exports of our domestic products for the past year nearly 80 per cent. consisted of agricultural products, thus not only making the United States the creditor of the world for a sum exceeding $220,000,000—the excess of our exports over imports—but relieving our home markets from a surplus product which would otherwise have reduced prices to a point below cost of production. For a large share in bringing about the conditions which have made these gratifying results possible the secretary claims credit for his department.

In regard to imports he finds encouragement for the farmers in the fact that, in spite of an aggregate increase, there is a reduction in the proportion of imports consisting of products which compete with our American agriculture, for while in the fiscal year ended in 1889, 54 per cent. of the imports were competing, only 44 per cent. of our imports for the past fiscal year did so compete. He nevertheless regards the imports, competing with the products of our own soil, as still far too great. He instances $40,000,000 worth of animal products, $67,000,000 worth of fibers $27,000,000 worth of hides, $30,000,000 worth of fruits and wines, as articles of this kind, and cites the imports of raw silk, amounting to $25,000,000 yearly, as an instance of products imported, which could with proper encouragement, be produced in our own country. He declares these figures to indicate the main ultimate object of the work of the department which he defines in brief as "the closest study of all the markets abroad which may be reached by our own agricultural products, accompanied by persistent and intelligent efforts to extend them and the substitution in our own markets of home-grown for foreign products."

Since his last report, prohibitions against American pork products have been withdrawn in all countries where they existed, and 40,000,000 pounds of inspected pork, which without inspection, could not have had a market abroad, have been exported. Referring to his proclamation of September 26, declaring the country free from pleuro-pneumonia, he emphasizes the precautions taken before that proclamation was issued and the thoroughly satisfactory grounds existing for this declaration of our immunity from that disease. Reviewing the regulations for the control and prevention of Texas fever, he concludes with the declaration that they "have saved three times as much money to cattle-growers yearly as is required to run the whole department."

He says our inspection laws have restored the confidence of foreigners in the healthfulness of our cattle. Live cattle exports in 1892 amounted to 205,000 head, whereas in 1863 we exported 534,000 at an increase in value averaging $8 per head. A comparison of Chicago market quotations for September 1892, with September 1889 shows an increase in the value of cattle sold amounting to from $4 to $15 per head, according to weight. On the aggregate of cattle sold in a single year this would amount to $40,000,000.

The secretary says of the work of his Indian corn agent in Germany that many difficulties attending the introduction of a new food heretofore generally regarded in Europe as not suitable for human consumption. A mixed corn and rye bread was found necessary to secure keeping qualities in a country where all bread is made and sold by the bakeries, and corn grinding machines purchased in America, is now in use in several mills in that country; one result is the maintenance of the price of corn in the face of largely increased exports, conditions which have heretofore always accompanied a great depreciation in price. The corn exports for 1892, the only year in which they have equaled those of the present year, brought the price down to a fraction under 42 cents a bushel at port of shipment, against a fraction over 55 cents per bushel this year, a difference aggregating, on the exports of the past fiscal year, not less than $100,000,000.

Secretary Rusk notes the reduction of the cotton area in this country as a movement in the right direction. He says one of the gratifying features of our agricultural industry during the past year has been the marked reduction in the cotton area throughout the cotton states. In connection with this subject attention is called to the great increase which has taken place of late years in imports of raw cotton, imports which but a few years ago were hardly known. During the past fiscal year raw cotton was imported free of duty to the amount of $3,215,503, as against $2,825,004 for the year previous and $1,392,728 for the fiscal year ending in 1890.

"The most of our imported cotton comes from Egypt and is demanded by manufacturers on account of the peculiar characteristics which it possesses, and which are not to be found in home-grown cottons. Some imports of cotton are also made from Peru, and the entire supply of Peruvian cotton imported finds its way, not into the cotton factories, but into the manufactories of woolen goods, its character being such as to make it specially available for mixing with woolen goods without detection."

With reference to cereals he attributes the excessive anticipations formed regarding the price for wheat throughout the crop year of 1891 to failure to appreciate the changed conditions now surrounding the production and marketing of the world's wheat crop. "Taking the world throughout, the fat crops," he says, "more than equaled the lean crops of 1891, so that there was actually more wheat grown in that year than in 1890." Even the exports from Russia, where famine existed in so large a section, and where exports were for a time prohibited, amounted to 105,000,000 bushels, nearly as much as the average of the past four years, and more than the average of the past ten years. He says: "The conditions which have at last overwhelmed cotton-growers now confront wheat-growers." Hence the American farmer must reduce the wheat acreage and so bring production down to the normal demand.

The experience of the department in the domestic sugar industry for the past year confirms his former reports, and shows that domestic sugar can be produced with profit to the grower of the crop and to the manufacturer, provided that the conditions of culture and manufacture insisted upon by the department are secured.

Reviewing the work of the Bureau of Animal Industry, he summarizes the work and cost of the suppression of pleuro-pneumonia, showing the entire cost to have been less by $1,000,000 than was paid out by Great Britain during seven years as indemnity for slaughtered cattle alone. He also points out that the total loss to the cattle-growers of Great Britain by this disease in deaths alone has amounted to not less than $500,000,000, and that this is the only country in the world where the disease, having once gained a foothold, has been entirely eradicated.

The total number of animals subjected to both ante and post-mortem examinations for the fiscal year exceed 5,000,000, of which 1,267,329 were hogs, of which only two per cent. were found to be affected with trichinae.

The Secretary then reviews in detail the work of the several other divisions of the department, the office of experiment station and the Weather Bureau, concluding with a detailed statement of the extent and the variety of the contributions planned from the Department of Agriculture to the World's Fair.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

EIGHT persons were poisoned at a Bangor, Maine boarding house by eating diseased pork.

SMALL-POX has broken out in the Connecticut State Hospital at New Haven, and the institution has been quarantined.

A PASSENGER train ran into an electric motor car, in Cleveland, Ohio, injuring six persons, none of them mortally.

MRS. LOCK TREUX, a prominent young society women of New Orleans, was killed by falling down stairs at the opera.

JESSE SYKES, an old farmer near Newport, Indiana, was seized with an epileptic fit while feeding hogs and was partially devoured by the animals.

ALBERT RUTH, an inmate of the jail at Sunbury, Penn., who has manifested symptoms of hydrophobia, ate some glass which he broke from the cell window. It is stated that he cannot recover.

ANDREW VAN TASSEL, one of the "oil princes" of the early petroleum days in Pennsylvania and a noted horseman, was killed in Erie by falling from the third-story window of his lodging house.

A TELEGRAM from Lima, Ohio, says a wreck occurred on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad at Nevada, Ohio, a west bound mail and express running into a freight. An unknown tramp was killed and an engineer and brakeman were seriously injured.

A DISPATCH from Boise, Idaho, says that there is grounds for the belief that Mrs. Anna Maynard, a bride of a month, was buried alive. Friends declare their belief that she was living, but the physician decided otherwise and the funeral took place. Now the disinterment of the casket is demanded.

A BOSTON dispatch says that the three-masted schooner, Phœbe J. Woodruff, of Harwich, Captain Ward, from Philadelphia for Portland, with about 800 tons of coal, has been abandoned at sea. The crew was rescued and landed at Fernandina, Florida. The Woodruff was owned by J. B. Baker, of Harwichport.

A BOISE, Idaho, dispatch says that "Wilson Garber, long suspected of being a moonshiner, met a violent death while fleeing from a party of men whom he thought were officers of the law. He and two Indians got into a canoe and paddled up Big Creek. The Indians were drunk and started down stream. The canoe entered the rapids, when the Indians both fell out and were drowned. The canoe dashed over the cataract and Garber was also drowned."

A MAGAZINE containing 166 pounds of dynamite near the main wheel pit of the Canada Construction Company's tunnel, at Niagara Falls, New York, exploded, killing Joan Hogan, a machinist, and several other workmen were injured. The concussion was sufficient to demolish several adjacent buildings, and to smash a large amount of window glass. The explosion was caused by a fire in the powder house, and most of the workmen heard the alarm and fled precipitately, thus saving their lives.

FATAL STEAMBOAT FIRE.

Six of the Deck Passenger Perish--Women in Peril.

The steamboat Rosa Lee was burned to the water's edge at the wharf in Memphis, Tenn., six o'clock the other morning.

There were about thirty cabin passengers aboard. Among them were three women and about forty deck passengers. All, together with the officers and crew, were saved except six deck passengers. They were drunk and asleep on the lower deck by the engine room, where the fire started, and the supposition is that they were cut off by the flames and perished.

The Rosa Lee arrived at 4.30 A. M., and after all fires had been extinguished and the boilers cooled down, the engineer seeing that everything was safe left for his home in the southern portion of the city. The night watchman, who went through the deck room twenty minutes afterwards, discovered several bales of cotton afire. The bell was rung and Clarence Vauker, the colored cabin watchman on duty, went through the cabin, arousing the sleeping passengers.

The fire spread rapidly, and the upper part of the boat was soon in flames. Many passengers and officers had narrow escapes, and all lost what they had.

Captain Henry Cooper, who was asleep in the Texas, was awakened by the ringing of the bell. He remained to put on his shoes, and was compelled to slide down one of the iron stanchions of the boat. The flames had cut him off from the stairs leading down to the boiler deck.

The Rosa Lee was lying between the Rowena Lee and the Ora Lee, two steamers owned by the same company, both of which were in danger of burning. They were cut loose from their moorings and towed to places of safety by harbor boats. The fire department of the city answered the alarm that was sent in and succeeded in saving the hull of the boat.

The men supposed to have been lost were laborers employed at the government works in Island Bend.

The fire, it is thought, was started by sparks from the pipes of the deck passengers.

THOUSANDS SAW HIM HANG.

Murderer Harrison's Gallows Erected in a Country Field.

The execution of Allen Harrison for the murder of Bettie Adams, on April 2, took place in Huntington, W. Va., at 2.15 P. M. Sheriff Kyle read the death warrant at 1 o'clock, allowing forty minutes to the condemned for preperation.

The scaffold was erected in a field two miles from the jail, and the procession to it was in carriages. More than ten thousand people witnessed the execution.

Harrison made a statement in which he stated he had no knowledge of the commission of the crime, but he did not deny having done it while under the influence of poison that he had swallowed with the intention of committing suicide.

SHOT BY HIS LITTLE SON.

An Ohio Farmer Fatally Wounded by the Child Pulling the Trigger of a Gun.

James Neer, a farmer residing near Van Wert, Ohio, was fatally shot by his 5 year-old son. Neer had loaded one barrel of his shotgun and as he was about to load the other barrel, the child came up and, unnoticed by the father, raised the hammer of the loaded barrel.

The hammer slipped from the child's hand, and the gun discharged. The entire load of shot struck Mr. Neer in the face.

THE first woman elected to the office of Justice of the Peace in Wyoming is Mrs. Ann Scally, of Fort Kinnet Precinct, Johnson County. Although her name was first mentioned as a candidate about 10 a. m. on Election Day, she made a phenomenal race, defeating her Republican opponent, Phagan, the Postmaster, four to one.

GREAT STRIKE ENDED.

The Lockout at Homestead Declared off.

Cost of the Fight Estimated at Nearly Six Million Dollars.

At last the great strike at Carnegie's Homestead Steel Works has been declared off.

After a five months' struggle, which for bitterness has probably never been equaled in this country, the army of strikers finally decided to give up the fight. This action was taken at a meeting of the lodges of the Amalgamated Association at Homestead, the vote standing 101 in favor of declaring the strike off and 91 against it.

Among those present at the meeting were Vice-President Carney, Secretary Kilgallon Treasurer Madden and David Lynch, of the advisory board. The officials addressed the members, and in plain words told them the strike was lost and advised them to take steps to better their condition.

The remarks met with considerable opposition, but when the vote was taken it showed a majority of 10 in favor of declaring the strike off. Those who were in favor of ending the struggle were jubilant, while those who were against it were badly put out. Most of the latter were men who were obstinate, and many of them had either applied for positions in the mill and had been turned down, or felt sure that their names were on the company's black list and could not get positions.

A member of the advisory board said that he has been trying to get the strike declared off for weeks, as he knew it was lost, and it would have been better for the men, as a great many of them could have gotten their places back.

Those who could not get back are in a bad fix, as the relief funds will be stopped and many hundreds of them have nothing to live on. The people in Homestead, especially the business men, are highly elated over the action of the meeting, for if the strike had continued much longer it would have ruined the town. Many business houses have fell into the hands of the sheriff since the strike has been on. Business is expected to resume its normal condition soon.

The Homestead strike has proved one of the most disastrous in the history of the country. It originated from a reduction in the departments in which members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers were employed. The hitch was on what is known as the sliding scale. It is a scale which regulates the men's wages by the market price of steel billets. Nearly every mill in this vicinity signed the scale, including other mills of the Carnegie Company.

At the refusal of the firm to sign the scale for the Homestead mills a lockout occurred by the Amalgamated Association, and they were joined by the mechanics and laborers who struck out of sympathy only, their wages not being reduced. The strikers were determined to keep non-union men out of the mills and adopted military discipline.

The story of the arrival and bloody fight with the Pinkertons on July 6, the subsequent riotous proceedings and the calling out of the National Guard and its departure after three months' duty is too well known to repeat. For six weeks the mill has been running almost as well as before the strike, but until within the last week the strikers have steadfastly refused to admit defeat.

The news declaring the strike off was received with dismay by the strikers in the two Lawrenceville mills of Carnegie's. These men were sympathy strikers, and went out at the time the men at the Beaver Falls and Duquesne struck. The Duquesne men gave up the fight in three weeks, and the Beaver Falls' strikers decided to go back to work. The Lawrenceville men, however, were steadfast, and had no intention of giving in. They are now in the position of striking for no cause. They are very angry at the Homestead men, and will declare the strike off.

The strike at one time involved nearly 10,000 men and the loss in wages will reach, it is said, in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. Then there is the immense loss to the firm, which cannot be estimated, but which conservative people put at at least double the amount lost by the men in wages. To this can be added nearly $500,000 paid to the State troops and the cost to the county of Allegheny for the riot, treason and other cases growing out of the strike.

There are 180 Homestead strikers who are indicted for the crimes of treason, murder, aggravated riot and conspiracy to be tried at the present and December terms of court. Little more than two-thirds have been arrested. About 140 have been tailed out in the Criminal Court or by Squire McMasters. These are the persons who will be tried. Only three, O'Donnell, Clifford and Critchlow, are in jail. It is said the officers do not expect to arrest any of the missing men.

At least 35 deaths were directly or indirectly caused by the strike. Besides those killed in the battle of July 6 many soldiers contracted fever, which resulted fatally, one soldier was accidentally shot by a comrade, another was killed by the cars; one striker committed suicide, one was drowned, one was killed by the cars; several non-union men died from fever and several were killed in the mills and one was murdered by another non-unionist. The attempted assassination of Chairman Frick, of the Carnegie Company is also indirectly credited to the strike.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Three Men Killed and Nine Injured, Three of Them Fatally.

A fearful powder explosion occurred shortly after noon at the Blanch Coal Mine, located at the west end of Colliers, W. Va. Twenty-five kegs exploded, causing the instant death of three miners and the serious wounding of nine others, three of whom will probably die.

John Hully, a miner, is missing, but it is not known whether he was about at the time of the explosion or not.

The explosion occurred as the men were returning from dinner, which was providential, for had it occurred ten minutes later, the destruction of life would in all probability been something awful. The force of the explosion was terrific, the ground being shaken as though by an earthquake. The force of the explosion is shown by the distance some of the men were blown. Wesley Anderson's body was thrown through the air a distance of 100 yards. It is supposed that the explosion was caused by a piece of fuse which became ignited in some manner and conveyed the fatal spark to the boxes in which the powder cans were kept.

The scene at the mouth of the mine following the explosion was one of great excitement. The entire population gathered and the women, supposing at first that more of the men were in the mine than really were begged that rescuers go down the shoot. It would have been death, however, to have gone in before the air was cleared. That some of those who were in the mine were not suffocated to death is due to the presence of mine of James Clark and James Bordon, who got the outside door of the shaft, which had been blown from its hinges and replaced it.

The mine belongs to H. C. Smith, of New Cumberland, W. Va., and Wm. Smith and John McNutt, of Wellsville, O. About fifty men are employed in the mine, which has been in operation since May, 1891.

THE American swindler, Frederick Evans, who called himself the Duke of Teck, was sentenced to one year in prison in London. He is a son of Dr. Henry T. Heimbold, of Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

THE committee appointed by Governor Pattison to look into the practicability of establishing manual training schools for soldiers' orphans has returned from a trip through various States and will make a report.

WILLIAM ROHER, of Shenandoah, worn by family troubles, it is thought, committed suicide by hanging.

FIRE Department Chief Greenburg, of Huntingdon, was nearly drowned in trying to wade the Juniata river, swollen by rains in accordance with an election bet.

JOHN HORBINAH, a Polish miner at Honeybrook, who after five years' hard work earned enough to bring a bride from Warsaw, was deserted by the woman, who refused to live among her dirty fellow-countrymen.

CARMEL TUCCO, charged with the murder of Andrew Unko, has been found guilty at Wilkes-Barre of manslaughter.

JOHN BOARDEY, a Chester workman, was crushed to death under forty tons of coal.

LACKAWANNA Iron and Steel Company miners have received an increase of wages.

ROBERT WELDER, of Reading, was probably fatally hurt by a base ball bat which flew out of another's hand and crushed his skull.

SNEAK-thieving tramps are worrying Stroudsburg, thought to be attracted there by the construction of the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern Railroad.

IT is thought that Miss. Walton, wife of the present incumbent, will be postmistress of Kennett Square.

THE miners of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company complain of lack of work, which is said to be depriving them of the necessaries of life.

EIGHT curved armor plates for turrets of the cruiser Terror, now in building at the Brooklyn navy yard, were shipped from the Bethlehem Iron Works. The Terror's two turrets will consist of five plates each of a total weight of 219,000 pounds and diameter of 24 feet, 4½ inches.

THE trial of Sylvester Critchlow, the Homestead leader, charged with the murder of Pinkerton Detective T. J. Conner in the battle on the river bank at Homestead, on July 6, was begun at Pittsburg.

THE mechanics and laborers at Homestead, who struck in sympathy with the Amalgamated men, decided to return to work. The Amalgamated men, though disheartened, resolved to continue their fight for recognition.

A GREAT sensation is being created at Scranton by the remarkable cures effected by a healing evangelist who has made the deaf hear, the blind see and the lame run and jump.

Two West Chester reporters were summoned before court to answer for defeating the ends of justice by premature publications.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered a decision in the Titusville and Oil City cases favorable to the shippers, who claimed to have suffered from discrimination.

THE body of Isaac Kennely, who ten months ago disappeared from his home, near Rochester, was found in a cistern on the farm where he worked.

MRS. PETER BOWMAN, of Saltillo, Huntingdon county, died from taking acetate of magnesia given her by a drug clerk in mistake for epsom salts.

IN a suit for $100,000 worth of land in Northumberland county, Mrs. J. J. Youngman and Elizabeth and Josephine Lazarus, of Philadelphia, secured a verdict against William I. Grenough, of Sunbury, for one-sixth of the land.

THE plurality of Harrison in Pennsylvania has been computed at 63,747.

GEORGE W. KENNEDY, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Erie, literally butchered himself with a knife and razor.

D. LUTZ & SONS, Pittsburg brewers, are suing George Crawford, agent of the English brewery syndicate, for $100,000 in a forfeited option.

DAVID and Andrew Abnetts, Tyroleans, shot Celesta Yerger, a saloonkeeper at Darlinger, Luzerne County, because he refused to give them drink. Andrew was captured on the mountain side after an exciting chase.

THE thirty-eighth annual session of the York County Teachers' Institute began at York County, Superintendent H.C. Brenneman was made president.

JUDGE MCMULLEN, charged the Lancaster Grand Jury to bring indictments against all those who made bets on the election.

TWELVE million feet of logs, stranded in the Susquehanna, near Williamsport by the drought have been floated by the rain.

FRANCIS CLARK, of Reading, has surrendered himself and said it was he who shot John Fulton on Sunday. It was accidental.

NO. 3 slope at Mt. Carmel gave way and caused a panic. Houses shook as though by an earthquake, but no one was hurt. The depression is 150 yards long and forty yards wide.

A WARRANT has been issued for Rev. Mr. Kassalko, priest of the Hungarian church at Hazleton, who, with several thousand dollars of church funds, is missing.

UNHAPPY HAYTI.

Exiles Preparing for Another Revolution in December.

The Haytian exiles and malcontents have decided to postpone their revolution until December, in order to allow the coffee crop to be harvested. They claim that while General Manignat is determined to overthrow Hippolyte, who has had his hands in the treasury for nearly three years, and ought, therefore, to give place to others who are hungry for a chance in the same direction, yet Manignat wishes to accomplish his purpose without doing injury to the business interest of Hayti.

The supporters of the proposed insurrection, claim to be sure of success when they are ready to move, on the ground that Hippolyte has disgusted everybody with his excessive tyranny and his selfish grasp on the political spoils.

Hippolyte's friends, on the other hand, assert that Manignat and his followers are wholly without funds and that some of the reports of an early attack are started to obtain further credit at Kingston boarding houses. They say that Hippolyte was never more securely established in power than he is to-day, and that he is well prepared to repel any attack that may be made upon him. They think no revolution is likely to break out before April.

TRAGEDY OF DESPERATION.

An Alsatian Mother Kills Herself and Four Starving Children.

A horrible tragedy is reported from Mulhausen, in Alsace, Germany. A woman by the name of Kern, the wife of a basket-maker, had been driven to desperation by the misconduct of her husband. On Saturday last there was no food in the house and the little ones were crying for bread. Mme. Kern, driven to distraction by the suffering of her children, as well as her own, put the four youngest in a wheelbarrow and told the fifth child to follow her. She wheeled the barrow through the town, the people who saw wondering, but not suspecting that the woman was about to commit a terrible crime. She went straight to the cemetery and wheeled the barrow to the cemetery chapel. There she came to a halt and took the little ones out of the barrow. She knelt down herself and caused the others to kneel and she offered up a prayer.

After praying the mother arose and drew a sharp knife. Drawing one of the children toward her she quickly cut its throat. She just as quickly cut the throats of the three other children and reached for the fifth. The latter tried to get away. The keeper of the cemetery heard the cries of the children and ran to interfere. He was in time to seize the fifth child before the mother had succeeded in inflicting a fatal blow upon it, although it was wounded by a cut from the knife.

The frenzied woman made no attempt to injure the keeper, but turned the knife against her own throat. The keeper ran to grasp the weapon from her, but too late. She drew the knife across her throat and fell, with the life blood gushing out, on the cemetery path. Mother and children will be buried in a common grave.

FIVE LUMBERMEN BURNED.

One Deadf One Dying and Flesh Dropping from the Others.

A fire at Staudt's Lumber Camp, Marshfield, Wis., burned five of the eight who occupied the building. One Anton Mulbackh is now dead and Charles David, of McMillan cannot recover. Two others are burned so badly that the flesh has dropped from their hands and faces.

The building, which was a two story structure, caught fire from a stove and communicated to the stairway, cutting off egress from above. The men awoke in the midst of suffocating smoke and jumped from the windows to the frozen ground below. The camp was situated four miles below Strafford. The financial loss is estimated at $10,0.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Patto. Best Pat.	$ 4 75	@ $ 5 00	
High Grade Extra	4 00		4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75		75½
CORN—No. 2 White	45½		46
Yellow	48¾		49
Ear Yellow per bri	2 50		2 55
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37		42
Western White	38		42
Mixed	37		39
RYE—No. 2	61		62
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 00		14 50
Good to Prime	14 50		15 00
STRAW—Rye in car ids.	11 50		12 00
Wheat Blocks	6 00		7 00
Oat Blocks	8 00		8 50

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$ 90	@ $ 95	
No. 2	70		72½
PEAS—Standards	1 10		1 20
Seconds			85
CORN—Dry Pack			1 10
Moist			1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 8	@ $	8¼
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	3¾		4

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 70	@ $	75
Va. Yellow	2 00		2 50
Yams	1 15		1 75
ONIONS	77		80

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 7	@ $	8¼
Clear ribsides	8		8¾
Bacon sides			10
Hams	11¾		12¼
Mess Pork, per bar			14 50
LARD—Crude			9¾
Best refined			11¾

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 30	@ $	31
Under fine	28		29
Roll	28		30

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 11¾	@ $	12
N. Y. flats	12		12¼
Skim Cheese	7		9

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 26	@ $	27
North Caroma	22		23

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 9	@ $	10
Old Roosters	25		30
Ducks, per lb	8¼		9

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.	$ 1 00	@ $	1 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		8 00
Fancy	12 00		13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 50	@ $	4 75
Good to Fair	4 00		4 25
SHEEP	3 00		4 25
Hogs	5 75		6 50

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	23		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@ $	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75¾		76¼
RYE—Western	55		58
CORN—No. 2	50		50¾
OATS—No. 2	35½		35¾
BUTTER—State	28		30
EGGS—State	24½		26
CHEESE—State	8¾		11

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73¼		73¾
CORN—No. 3	48¼		48¾
OATS—No 2	41		41¾
BUTTER—State	30		31
EGGS—Penn. fst	27		28

ONE of the windows on the Broadway side of the New York Postoffice, where stamps are sold at retail, is now in charge of a female clerk, Mrs. Carrie M. Ray.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me;
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail the season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

THAT POOR STICK.

It was when they were homeward bound, in mid-Atlantic, that Mary Denning first began to doubt. She had been so happy in her love; for ever since childhood Major Herbert Knox had been her hero. His ten years' seniority had only served to shield him from the criticism of companionship. Her judgment was thus nurtured by inference, not by knowledge, and the Major's gallant bearing had been an agreeable stimulant. So, when he had met the Dennings in Switzerland, and one night while the lake was proudly saying, "See the moon is here, where my love should be, within my throbbing bosom," and the outline of the Matterhorn against the horizon was like a monolith to Truth, Mary's heart had leaped a mighty Amen to the "yes" that her tremulous lips had lisped as the Major had pressed her to him, and had told in his simple, manly way how futile life was to him without her, and how he had followed her from their distant home to confess his need. Joyous indeed had been Mary, when the next morning, at the breakfast table, her father through one of his millstone jokes had revealed the truth to their party. And when Joe Palmer, after having coughed violently and upset his coffee, had shambled hastily from the room, she had laughed with the others at the Major's remark that Joe's mother had shown more faith than prudence in at length loosing her apron strings.

And Joe Palmer had rushed up to his quarters and behind bolted doors had stamped up and down the floor in a rage which found no expression until he had paused before the pier glass and had studied his tall, angular, uncouth form, his long white face, with fierce eyes, contrasting comically with sensitive lips, his shirt front bedabbled, and his clothing so evidently intended for some other man, and then he too had laughed. Not a very pleasant laugh, either, for a young man to utter who possessed health and wealth and intelligence, and whose welfare was the only and constant solicitude of a widowed mother. Yet it was this very concern which Joe now blamed as he looked back over his life. He knew that it had been a perennial jest among his neighbors and friends, that it had deprived him of the harsh discipline which makes boys manly, and had gained for him the name of a mollycoddle. He remembered that while Herbert Knox had dashed by on horseback, he had been trundled by his nurse; that even while little Mary Denning had climbed fences and trees and had gathered flowers through the fields, he had not dared to stray from the graveled walk. He realized that while those who should have been his comrades had grown up with purposes and responsibilities which breed self-reliance, he had been tended even unto early manhood within the hothouse of maternal anxiety. Was it a wonder that when shame had released him he should seem different from other young men, he who had never run a race, nor played ball, nor fought a quarrel to a bloody end? Was it a wonder that he was strange and diffident and awkward, when the only ways that he had been taught were those ways that every one, including himself, despised?

Was it, indeed, any wonder that his thrifty, energetic townspeople, finding him so unlike themselves, should relegate him to the limbo of ne'er-do-wells under the sufficient accusation of being a poor stick? They little knew that he had darling purposes, ambitions buried, but buried in his heart; that he longed to be an influential, powerful man among men, commanding respect, forcing compliance with his views. They little knew that he dreamed of a home which should be the happiest home in all Aberdeen, since the Queen of its women should their reign. They deemed him a hunk of a boy, the spoiled child of a doting mother, who, if he developed acuteness enough to take care of the wealth which surely would be his, would surpass kindly interest.

An unhappy life, filled with reveries that never were realized, with regrets that always had a cause. How could he hope, how could he act when everything he said and did resulted in a jeer? And yet he had believed that Mary Denning knew him, was able to discern intention in awkwardness and beneath uncouthness to see a tender, sympathetic heart. And so when she had gone to Europe with her people he had overcome the tearful importunities of his mother, finding shame in . facile a victory, and had joined their party in Switzerland, being tolerated, so he felt, as a harmless creature, out of respect for old-time intimacies.

Alas for the wild hopes of the journey thither! On his arrival he had found Major Herbert Knox in full possession of the field. What was there for him to do except to accept the inevitable and take his place as a camp follower in the presence of such a conqueror? For the Major had always been the beau ideal of impossibilities to poor Joe. Handsome, athletic, graceful, his bearing merited the title which local militia had given him. A fine, manly-appearing fellow, truly, carrying his straight six feet of brawn and sinew as deftly as a Court page; affable, yet dignified, approachable, yet asking a "qui vive?" through his earnest gray eyes, which the firm lines of his mouth warned all to answer.

And so Joe had clung to the Dennings in miserable uncertainty, which he knew to be all too certain, until the blow had fallen; and then he had coughed and sputtered coffee, and stumbled to his room to continue the laugh at himself. His life was ended. No one cared for him nor believed in him, except his mother, and alas! it was the image of her own credulity that she worshiped. Poor woman! she had meant to be so good to him. The least he could do was to return to her, and since she found her chiefest delight in petting, to let her pet in defiance of all banter. Others who were composed and gallant, to whom an emergency was a triumph, not an aftermath of self-reproach, might aspire to the nobility of word and deed; what concern could one have with such station whose beard was scraggy and whose left foot turned in when walking?

Joe, therefore, decided that he would return with the triumphant Dennings. Even if Mary could never be his, it was far more comfortable to be miserable in her presence than away from her, and whether he inopportunely groaned or guffawed it was all one to them; he was only Joe, and they discovered complacency in his endurance.

Perhaps they never noticed it, for he himself was unaware of it; but Joe's thoughtfulness rounded many of the sharp edges of travel for them. He was an accomplished linguist—he must need have learned something in his idleness!—and then, of course, he wasn't sought after as the Major was, by all the young tourists whom they met, and so he had abundant time to manage well enough a thousand and one details which the Major could have managed exceedingly well. Once, indeed, Mr. Denning did enounce that "if Joe wasn't Joe there really might be something in the fellow"; but this was after Mr. Denning had dined unto repletion and his condescension was expansive.

Only Mary, in the midst of her joy, would sometimes feel a reasonable remorse as she glanced at Joe, and this would engender a brief gentleness toward him, brief, since its reception would be so grotesque.

The party found that the steamer on which they were to sail would be unusually crowded; the steerage was swarming with the detritus of the Continent; the cabins were crowded with pleasure seekers who had exhausted their purpose. This press could not have affected the Dennings, for their room had been held for them, but their friends, the Grangers, a young couple with a little daughter, were not so fortunate, and yet affairs at home urged their departure. So Mary willingly welcomed Grace Granger as a roommate, while Joe accommodated her parents by bunking with the Major, much to the latter's displeasure, had not his sweetheart's smiles been an assuaging reward.

And so the great ship sailed on its way, a microcosm with penury and filth next door to wealth and luxury, yet ignored because they were unseen. But such disagreeable neighbors sometimes compel a recognition of their proximity, and when this occurred, as it did in mid-ocean, then it was that Mary began to doubt.

The ship was an old one and insufficiently manned. There had been constant complainings from the first-class passengers who as such, of course, could not realize when they were well off. But one morning terror revealed to them the pettiness of their woes.

It was the Major who first heard the news. He was enjoying an early stroll and cigar as was his wont, when an officer with whom he had become friendly beckoned him mysteriously aside and said:

"We don't want it generally known, and that's why I tell you. A man of your presence and nerve can be most useful in promoting cheerfulness. The cholera has broken out in the steerage."

The cholera! That greenish livid spectre of agony and sudden death! The Major took three or four vigorous pulls on his cigar, and then he threw it away. Somehow his stomach was not quite right for smoking. He turned savagely on his informant.

"What kind of a company is this of yours?" he shouted. "First you treat your passengers like dogs and then you introduce the plague among them. Its outrageous, and if there's a law that can reach your people they shall suffer for it. The cholera in this dirty, crowded hulk—"

"Sh! Sh! Sir!" intrupted the officer anxiously. "Not so loud. We must keep it secret. Fear is worse than contagion."

"Don't tell me," snapped the Major. "Even the condemned are given a few moments' preparation. The passengers should protect themselves by concerted action; and it won't be my fault if they don't. The cholera? My God, how badly I feel!"

Shaking off the restraining grasp the Major rushed into the smoking-room. It was vacant, for breakfast had not yet been served. As quickly as service could fetch them he gulped three long drinks of brandy, and then the complacent smile which had strayed returned to his face. He even lighted another cigar. After all it might be a false alarm. And in any event it surely would not trouble a man like him. Direct contact might be dangerous indeed; but he would guard against that. Doubtless a lot of cattle like the people in the steerage might breed a pestilence, but he who was so clean, so wholesome, such a believer in the virtues of air and water, oh, no! And yet, disease was no respecter of persons: suppose that it should come to him? It was so fatal, so instantaneously fatal! Why, before a man could think, he was seized, he was gone! A foul, loathsome death! Ugh! It was like being smothered in filth. Then overboard, in a sack, to float suspended in the cold, sullen depths. Oh, no! a man had no earthly show; if he had, like storming a rampart or dashing on horseback with a message to the front, why, then, the Major would be there. But now, "sauve que peut" was good enough for him. Let fools and women do the encouraging, he would look out for number one. Strong men were always favorite marks—here the Major threw away his cigar. He had had a tendency even as a boy. Oh, to think of this horrible ship and its horrible freight! If one could only escape—here the Major walked up and down the floor and rang for another "go." And at this juncture Joe Palmer entered. Ah, how scared Joe would be when he heard the awful tidings! Even in his anguish the Major smiled.

"Oh, Joe!" he exclaimed, "We're done for, we are doomed! The cholera is aboard. The steerage people are dying like poisoned rats in a hole."

"Cholera," said Joe. "That's bad. Hum! Aren't you coming to breakfast?"

"Breakfast! You fool. Can't you realize the position you're in? We are doomed, I tell you. I, old Denning, Mary, everybody! And you talk about breakfast! Don't you know that the food is surely infected? The only thing to do is to keep by one's self and drink lots of brandy. Will you try a ball?"

"Thank you, no," replied Joe simply. "I never drink in the morning; it makes me nervous. Of course I realize that the situation is most critical, and I know that we agree as to how it must be met. Ignorance is the only salvation for all these delicate, excitable people. The disease can be confined to the steerage, I'm sure, and no one will be the wiser except you and me, and we can stand it, hey, Major? Those poor devils, I wish I could help them, but we must be selfish for Mary's sake."

"I shall warn every one."

"Don't be a coward, Major."

"Coward! If we were ashore I would make you eat that word. Just wait—"

But Joe had turned on his heel and hastened away. A great light had burst over his mind dispelling a boyish phantasy. Thenceforward he respected himself.

Unluckily, however, on his departure, other passengers entered the room, and to these the Major detailed the omnious news. It scattered like sparks throughout the ship, and sobs and pale faces and curses attested its havoc.

The captain, accompanied by Joe, interrupted the Major's wild harangue. "So," began that officer "you have played a manly part, haven't you? Directly I heard of your intention, sir, I was going to lock you in your stateroom."

"Don't you attempt to bully me," retorted the Major. "I know my rights and my duties. You shan't poison us unawares while I'm on guard. Come, boys, another round of that preventive."

Some of the company applauded, but others turned away with disgust, and to these the Captain and Joe presented the course of cool, deliberate action so forcibly that under their co-operation the reign of order was in a degree restored. But the Major remained pot-valiant in the smoking room, and if his absence was remarked, one faithful heart at least, amid bewildering doubts, strove to find excuses.

The next morning, when Joe arrived on deck, there was the Major exhilarated and beaming, laying down precepts to an admiring coterie.

"Hullo, old sour cheeks," he shouted. "You look like the personification of our good guest. Come, don't be downhearted, man; brace up and show some nerve. What if life be short, if it shall only be jolly!"

"I can't keep my thoughts from those sufferers below," said Joe, gravely. "Think of the horrors of that black hole. At best——"

Here an understeward approached, handed a note to the Major, and retired. The Major glanced at its superscription and smiled resignedly. He opened it. The smile vanished. The note floated to the deck.

"Oh!" he cried. "It's infected. Look out."

The group scattered, but Joe picked up the offending missive.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Read it," said the Major from his retreat by the rail. And Joe read as follows:

"DARLING: Little Grace is very sick—and I fear. She has played between decks, you know. I shall stay by the poor child, of course. Take care of your dear self. Your MARY."

"What are you going to do?" Joe demanded, drawing near.

"Keep that thing away from me. I'm going to wash my hands with vinegar as soon as I can."

"I shall go to her."

"Don't come back to my room."

"Don't tremble; I won't."

Joe rapped on the door of Mary's stateroom. "Yes, Herbert," came the answer, and through the crack appeared the girl's bright, rapturous face.

"Oh, it's only you!" she exclaimed, and anxiety returned.

"I came to offer my help," said Joe. "And—and the Major sends his dearest love."

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"What's this young man, what are you doing here?" rasped a gruff voice, and Joe, turning, confronted the ship's doctor.

"I wanted to be of some use," he faltered.

"Yes, and you've only made a bad matter worse. I was about to sequestrate these two young people, and now I've got you on my hands, too. It's enough to drive a man wild. There's no system, no discipline; I have no nurses, no appliances. The disease is spreading, and here you blunder—"

"Oh, but you can depend on me, believe me. Let me carry the little girl. She was always fond of me."

Through the saloon, which was very clear before them, hastened the three, the stricken child close to Joe's heart, her tiny arms clasped about his neck. Poor simple Joe! How the Major would have laughed had he known his delight from that confiding embrace. When they reached the remote room Joe laid his charge on the couch, and saying, "I'll forage for comforts," hurried away, soon to return heavily laden. And Mary watched him with eyes heavy with regretful knowledge.

"Come, my fine fellow, what shall I do with you?" asked the doctor, without the suspicion of a rasp.

"Oh, you can't discharge me," replied Joe, lightly. "I'm going with you into the steerage."

"But—" expostulated Mary.

"There are no 'buts,' my dear. After all, what difference can it make?"

What difference, indeed to poor Joe, who welcomed this cataclysm as a refuge from despair; yet, ah! what a difference to the writhing wretches below, who found hope in those fierce black eyes and courage from the light of that long white face, and who welcomed that uneven step as the glide of a ministering angel. What a difference, indeed, did his constant brotherly solicitude make to Mary in her extremity, a difference bitter in its very tenderness from the contrast which it forced!

And the great ship sped toward her home, which was to prove a rampart armed against her; and denser and more noxious grew the cloud that encompassed her. The Major boasted or wailed as stimulant waxed or waned. The Dennings and the Grangers prayed for their children even while despairing of their own safety. And night after night the following billows shrank back from the ghastly jetsam that plunged through their foam.

Ah, bitter is that frost which just precedes fruition! When the port was gained and safety within arm's reach, then the stern veto of quarantine caused even the resolute to blanch and quake. To the Major the inhibition was the cut of the scissors of fate. It was late one one night that a stalwart form slipped over the rail of the steamship and stealthily dropped into the chilly waters of the bay. The skies were heavy, the east wind was rising, the tide was tumultuous and adverse; yet with desperate energy the swimmer maintained a dogged advance toward the shore. That grim gray light which spreads before sunrise was touching the face of the earth with a corpse-like hue when he rested exhausted on the beach. For a moment only. The rude seafaring inhabitants were alert against such fugitives. Their pickets espied him and seized him. Under guard and followed by a rabble of the misguided and the vicious whom panic always joins as allies, he was led to the wharf to be returned to the steamer. To be returned to that haunt of pestilence! As soon as the prisoner perceived his fate there was a struggle, a blow, a dash for freedom, and he was flying over the dunes with the howling pack behind him. He was gaining, his escape was certain, when there was a shot, a stagger, a fall. Then silence and solitude, save for the twit ering whirlings of sharp-eyed birds, and Major Herbert Knox lay with his face to the break of day at peace from that terror of which he was a victim.

Disaster moves not in circles; its paths have well-defined ends. At length the ships were released, the dead buried, the convalescent discharged. The great hospitals were vacant, but in the doctors' quarters an anxious little knot was watching by a bedside. Unscathed by cholera, Joe Palmer had yielded to exhaustion, and now was wasting under a low, lingering fever.

"It's not that he must die," said the ship's physician with a tremor, not a rasp, "but he doesn't seem to care to live."

With a sob, Mary Denning knelt by the cot. "It does make a difference, dear," she whispered, and she kissed the sensitive lips. The fierce black eyes opened, and in them she read the joyous return of life.

The Taming of a Terror.

"I once saw the tables nicely turned on a professional terror," said Richard E. Hill, at the Southern. "During the Black Hills excitement I spent a few days at Cheyenne. Lounging around the saloons was a big whiskered bully known as Pocahontas Smith. He appeared to be always thirsting for blood, but forbore to give offense to any of the numerous 'killers,' always plentiful in such places. One day a green, gawky lad from Indiana struck the town. He was the most harmless-looking tenderfoot that ever furnished cheap fame for a professional bad man. Although more than twenty years old, he seemed never before to have been free from his mother's apron-string. Pocahontas picked him up at once. There was a large crowd in front of the leading saloon when the Hoosier came shambling by. Pocahontas quizzed him awhile, then ordered him to dance. The youngster protested that he did not know how, but his tormentor offered to teach him. He did so by shooting all around his feet. The Hoosier danced until Pocahontas had emptied his pistol, then he walked up to him and inquired: 'Say, mister, wot do I git fer this exerbition?' As he put the question he twined one brawny hand in the big beard and drew the other back like a railmaker's maul. 'I think you've had erbout $20 worth 'o fun with me,' said the dancer as he gave the beard another twist that brought the terror to his knees howling with pain. Pocahontas forked over a $20 gold piece, and that night stole a mule and left town."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

BREAD PUDDING.—One pint of bread crumbs, soaked in one quart of sweet milk, one-half cup of white sugar, two eggs, beaten thoroughly, one cup of raisins, one heaping teaspoonful of butter and salt to suit the taste. Stir well together and bake.

FRIED APPLES.—Pare, core and slice tart apples as thin as Saratoga potatoes; make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Dip the apples in the batter, a spoonful at a time, and fry. Eat with powdered sugar or liquid sauce. Try these, Nancy Lee.

A uniform increase of rates on Mexican railways has been decided on.

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

How, Why, When and Where It Whistles.

In New York Bay, a few days ago, I heard one of the most unearthly sounds that ever assailed the ears of mortal man. It was like the wail of a lost soul. So uncanny was it that timid passengers on the excursion boat suggested—horrible thought!—the ghost of some cholera victim might be walking the water. Once in ten or fifteen seconds it—whatever it was—emitted a shriek which might have come from the depths of inferno.

While the other passengers listened, almost in awe, and racked their brains for a solution of the mystery, I sought the captain. Like all seafaring men on duty, he was somewhat uncommunicative. All he said in response to my eager query was, "Whistling buoy."

Of course it was a whistling buoy. If I had been anything but an idiot of a landlubber I should have known that much without asking. I wanted to ask the captain some further questions, but didn't dare. A boss mariner is not an easy individual to interview. He has a way of turning on his heel and giving you a grand snub which is decidedly unpleasant. So I discreetly returned to my fellow-passengers, and, with a little show of pride, informed them that the shrieking thing was not a lost soul, nor a banshee, nor a cholera ghost walking the water, but a plain, simple, useful whistling buoy.

"What makes it whistle?" chorused a dozen voices. That is precisely what I should have asked the captain had I had the nerve. Almost with shame I confessed I didn't know what made the buoy whistle. I had had experience with other kinds of whistling boys—young boys and old boys—but never with this screeching, aqueous variety.

What did make the infernal thing whistle anyway? I could not accept the suggestion offered by one of my funny friends that it was the wind blowing through its whiskers. None of the other suggestions seemed rational, and we simply gave it up.

The next day I returned to Washington and made straight for the office of the Lighthouse Board. I was determined to dispel at least this much of my ignorance. In the top story of the big Treasury Building I found the Lighthouse Office. In this office I found Chief Clerk Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," I exclaimed before I could catch my breath from hurrying up the stairs, "What in heaven's name is it that makes a whistling buoy whistle?"

Mr. Johnson smiled and told me to sit down.

"A whistling buoy whistles," he began, "because it contains a whistle. Instead of steam, air is used. As the buoy rises and falls on the waves air is compressed in a tube and forced out through the whistle, producing an inexpressibly sad and mournful sound."

"Yes, I know that."

"The whistling buoy now in use by the United States lighthouse system is a patented device," Mr. Johnson continued. "It consists of an iron pear-shaped bulb twelve feet across at its widest part and floating twelve feet out of water. Inside the bulb is a tube thirty-three inches in diameter, extending from the top through the bottom to a depth of thirty-two feet into water free from wave motion. On the top of this tube, high above the water, is placed a ten-inch locomotive whistle. At its lower end the tube is open, so that it is constantly filled with water. In the top of the tube are two holes, through which air is admitted, and one hole through the whistle. These holes are connected with three pipes which lead down to near the water level, and there pass into an outer chamber of the cylinder. Now you can readily see that the great bulb rises and falls with the waves, carrying the tube up and down with it, thus establishing a piston and cylinder movement. The air is compressed as a result of this movement, and when forced through the whistle makes a noise that can be heard, under favorable circumstances, at points fifteen miles distant."

"Have we many of these buoys?"

"Yes. I think there are now nearly seventy of them on the coast of the United States. They cost more than a thousand dollars each and weigh six tons. It is a curious fact that in proportion as they are useful to the mariner they are obnoxious to people living within earshot of them, and whenever we put in a new whistling buoy on an inhabited coast, we have remonstrances pouring in from the people.

"When a bell buoy will do as well, we put that kind in, for a whistling buoy is a dreadful nuisance, especially when there is a storm, and the turbulent waves compress the air with force enough to produce a sound fit to raise the dead."

"What is a bell buoy?"

"The bell buoy is also very simple," said Mr. Johnson. "It is made of iron, floats on the water and carries fixed a 300-pound bell. On a plate under the bell and close to it a cannon ball is placed, and this ball rolls around as the waves disturb the buoy, causing it to rush around the bell.

"Like the whistling buoy, the bell buoy sounds the loudest when the sea is roughest, but the latter is adapted to shallow water, where the whistling buoy could not ride, and is preferred in harbors and rivers, where the sound range required is not so great, while the whistling buoy is placed in the open sea or in roadsteads. We have about seventy-five bell buoys, which cost $300 apiece.

"Let me tell you something more about the buoy business," continued Mr. Johnson. "I think the facts will astonish you. Probably very few people understand the importance of the buoy system maintained by Uncle Sam. The buoy, you know, is to the mariner by day what the light is at night and what the foghorn is in thick weather. It tells him by its size, form, color and number how to avoid rocks and shoals, and shows the way in and out of harbor. When it is a bell or whistling buoy it works at night as well as by day, in thick as well as in clear weather, and takes the place of lighthouses and lightships.

"You will be surprised when I tell you that the buoy service of the United States costs nearly $400,000 a year; that it has its own code of laws, state and national, a fleet of steamers for its maintenance, besides a corps of contractors to attend to the buoyage of coves and inlets, and that it has its own directory, printed yearly in thirteen volumes and distributed free for the guidance of mariners.

"In this service they are of all kinds nearly 5,000 buoys. Merely to indicate the system to which the buoy service has been reduced, I will mention that red buoys, with even numbers, are placed on the right-hand side, and black buoys with odd numbers, on the left-hand side of channels approached from seaward. Buoys placed on shoals or wrecks having safe channels on either side, are painted with red and black horizontal stripes, while perpendicular stripes indicate that the buoys must be passed close to in order to avoid danger. In many other ways the marking of buoys is made a guide post to the mariners.

"So far we have made but one effort to light buoys with electricity, and that is in New York Bay, where six buoys marking Gedney's Channel are lighted at night by means of electric lamps fed by submarine cable from land. This plant is a great success. Each buoy has its own cable, so that in case of accident to one the other may not be interrupted. Electricity may in time be applied in this way in many harbors and roadsteads, the result of our experience in New York having demonstrated the entire feasibility of the plan beyond any particle of doubt.

"Many people wonder why electricity has not been applied more generally in lighthouses. The explanation is that the lights produced by lard oil and other illuminants now in use are seen, located and identified as far as the curvature of the earth will admit, and no evidence is at hand to show that electric lights could be seen and identified better or be more clearly discerned in fog.

"At Hell Gate some years ago we had a beautiful electric light placed upon an iron tower 225 feet high. There were nine lights each of 6,000 candle power and designed to illuminate that intricate and dangerous channel as by artificial daylight. At night the effect was simply grand. The tower itself could not be seen, and the light appeared as if hung from the heavens. But the light was so bright that it dazzled the eyes of the pilots and prevented them seeing objects beyond the circle illuminated. The shadows thrown were so heavy that they took the form of obstacles, and the light had to be discontinued. Having an electric plant near at hand, we lighted the Sandy Hook beacon with electricity, but made it a fourth-rate power, so it would not dazzle the eyes of pilots."

"Do you not lose many buoys?"

"A great many. Passing steamers run into them, and spar buoys are cut off by propeller blades. Despite State and national laws vessels and boats sometimes tie to buoys. Occasionally buoys are set adrift that rewards may be obtained by their recovery. Ice is the worst enemy of buoys. Twice in one winter New York harbor was swept clear of buoys.

"The seagoing qualities of the large iron buoys are shown by their voluntee voyages. Several of them have made their way to Europe in the Gulf Stream."

"Mr. Johnson, I have heard a good deal about the siren foghorn. How far can one be heard?"

"Thirty miles is the limit, and then under the most favorable circumstances. We have beaten the world on fog signals and their cost was $700,000. I want to call your attention to a curious fact in the use of fog signals. The general supposition is that sound is always heard in all directions from its source, according to its intensity of force. But this is not true. Sound has some remarkable characteristics, and failure to understand them has led to disaster and death.

"Twelve years ago the wreck of the steamer Rhode Island, on Narragansett Bay, which involved a loss of a million dollars, was ascribed to the failure of the fog signal on Beaver Tail Point to sound at that time. Of course we made an investigation, and found that the siren was sounding all the time. But we also discovered that where it should have been heard loudly it was not heard at all, and where its sound was expected to be faint it was very clear; that it could be heard and lost and heard and lost again, all within easy earshot.

"Another instance was when the steamer City of Richmond approached land in the Maine waters, hearing a Whitehead fog signal distinctly six miles from shore but at three miles from shore the sound suddenly ceased and was not heard again till the steamer was within a quarter of a mile of the station. Repeated tests have shown that this was a true statement of the case, and Col. Blunt, of the Engineer Corps, has explained the phenomenon in this way: The sound waves strike the water near the station, and are deflected so high in the air that for a considerable distance they rise above the deck of a ship. Farther out at sea they return again to the water level. What is known as Blunt's diagram is now generally accepted as an approximate solution of the mystery.

Relics of Aaron Burr's Trickery.

From time to time for several years past workmen employed in digging up down-town New York streets for improvements have unearthed sections of wooden pipe—logs with a bore of about five inches—which serve no present use. These relics recall the story of the political jealousies and hatreds of a century ago, which resulted in the duel of Hamilton and Burr. Hamilton had practically a monopoly of the banking business of the city at that time. Burr desired to engage in the same business. He could not do so without a charter, and a charter could only be obtained from the Legislature. The Federalists, led by Hamilton, controlled the Legislature, and Burr was the leader of the Republicans. He could get no bank charter, but he and his associates did get a charter for the Manhattan Company to supply the city with water, and "for other purposes." A reservoir for supplying water was built at the corner of Duane and Centre streets, and the wooden mains were laid through Park Row and Broadway. The logs uncovered yesterday were part of that primitive water supply system. The Manhattan Company did not limit its business to supplying water, but soon established a bank under the general provisions of its charter, and that bank, known as the Bank of the Manhattan Company, is still in existence at 50 Wall street. Burr had outwitted his rival by a legislative trick.—[Boston Transcript.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

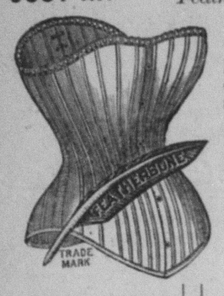
CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. DEC. 1.

THE RACKET.

Keep One Eye on The Comet
AND
The Other Eye on The Racket.

The Comet interests U'r kuriosity and The Racket interests U'r pocketbook.

JUST IN: An entire new line of *Featherbone Corsets.*



Extra Long Waist—New Model. Featherbone is strong and elastic, better than whalebone and unequaled for comfort, durability and elegance. Ask to C them —U will find them nowhere else in Belleft'e

A new assortment of Kid Gloves, all sizes and styles. We have the genuine "Mather" glove, at half the regular price. U will see the cut of 'em in our advertisements two years ago.

NUF CED. KOM & C.

PERSONAL.

——Mr. Jacob F. Royer, of Tusseyville, was among our callers this week.

——Mr. William K. Alexander, of Millheim, was in town last Friday.

——Mr. Samuel H. Heckman, of Lock Haven, spent Friday night in Centre Hall.

——Mrs. Elizabeth Love is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Will Mertz, at Tusseyville.

——Frank Naginey intends disposing of his furniture store at Bellefonte and will remove to Athens, Pa., to engage in similar business.

——C. H. Breon and Wallace Musser, of Millheim, rode to Centre Hall on Saturday on their bicycles. The roads were good and the boys made good time.

——Mr. G. H. Homan, of Aaronsburg, was in Centre Hall on Saturday morning, on business, but he found sufficient time to call at the REPORTER office. For the next year Mr. Homan will be able to read all the news, having enrolled his name on our list.

——Mr. James A. Sweetwood, of near Centre Hill, was a caller at the REPORTER office on Tuesday. Mr. Sweetwood is one of the supervisors of Potter twp., and it was through his efforts that a stone crusher was purchased last spring, and the condition of the roads have been much improved. Mr. Sweetwood informs us he put 1021 loads of crushed stone on the roads this season, and it has been a paying venture.

Will Surprise Some.

There is a boro ordinance requiring the cleaning of snow from the walks and pavements after a snow fall, and already with the slight snow fall we have had, there seems to be a disposition on the part of some property owners not to remove it, while others are very prompt in removing the snow. There is a remedy for the delinquents and during the coming winter the ordinance will be enforced to the letter. Some may not like this, but all the same it will be done.

Position In Williamsport.

Arb. Katherman, who has officiated in the position as station agent at Centre Hall for a number of years, has been tendered a position in one of the departments of the railroad at Williamsport, which he has accepted. He will remove with his family to the Lumber city in a short time. We are sorry Arb has concluded to leave Centre Hall; but we hope for his success in his new position.

To Be Wedded.

The marriage of Mr. Henry E. Faust, of Potters Mills, and Miss Daisy F. Noll, of Spring township, is announced to take place on December 15th, at the residence of Mrs. John Noll, at Nye Bank, near Bellefonte. A reception will be held immediately after the ceremony.

A Slight Reduction.

By an agreement effected between the Western Union and Postal telegraph companies, instead of charging the same for a sign, figure or letter as they do for a word, three of these letters will be sent as a word. This arrangement will materially reduce the cost of sending a message.

Will Discontinue.

Mr. Emanuel Brown, proprietor of that popular Bellefonte hostelry, the Fountain House, which he has conducted successfully for several years, will go out of the hotel business in the coming spring.

——Only those who have purchased boots and shoes at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, know where to get the best quality and style for the least money.

COURT IN SESSION

LARGE LIST OF CRIMINAL CASES TO BE TRIED.

Hon. William M. Allison Chosen Foreman of the Grand Jury. Large Attendance.

The November term of court convened in session on Monday morning in the court house in Bellefonte. The criminal list is large and the cases to be tried numbered forty-eight on the docket, but a certain percentage of these will not be tried. Judge Furst presided in the chair, along with associate Riley. Associate Judge Rhoads was absent, not having fully recovered from the effects of his recent paralytic stroke.

The usual number of petitions were presented to the court by the attorneys for action, which in all cases were granted. The constables made their returns which were satisfactory.

The roll of jurors was called and all responded to their names. Hon. William M. Allison was chosen foreman of the grand jury, and in his charge to them he enjoined them to secrecy and dispatch, and the jury immediately began their labors.

The first case up for trial on Monday afternoon was Commonwealth vs. Thomas Former charged with f. b. b., May J. Bryan, prosecutrix. Defendant found guilty, fined $25, and costs imposed.

Commonwealth vs. Benjamin Bradley, charged with deserting his wife. Defendant found guilty and was ordered to pay $2 per week towards maintenance of wife.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Ginger, charged with libeling John Zimmerman, of Milesburg. Defendant found guilty as in manner and form indicted.

Several cases were settled and one or two continued and court adjourned until Tuesday morning.

Commonwealth vs. David Rorabaugh, charged with asssalt and battery upon the person of John O. Conner, of Eaglesville. Defendant was found guilty as indicted and remanded for sentence.

Commonwealth vs. William Richards, a case of larceny by bailee. A can of fruit valued at thirty cents was involved in the case, and defendant was found guilty by the jury.

Commonwealth vs. Daniel Slutman, charged with obtaining money under false pretense. Sheriff Samuel Irving, of Huntingdon county, prosecutor. Irving was tracing a horse thief and met Slutman who agreed to locate horse for $5 which was given him.

The Ballot Boxes.

Not a few people are asking what becomes of the big ballot boxes and other belongings used in the new system of voting. As to the booths and what pertains to them, they will be safely stored away, while the boxes containing the ballots come under an act passed in 1874, which authorizes the naming of a place for their keeping by the local authorities of a city, township or borough and then empowers the Court of Common Pleas to designate the officer who should have the custody of them. In many instances the booths, guard rails and ballot boxes will all be stored at the house or building where the election is held, but an old law required that the ballot boxes should be taken to the nearest Justice of the Peace for safe keeping.

At a Disadvantage.

Centre Hall being situated so high and dry and not having a stream of water nearer than about four miles, is at a slight disadvantage when the boys wish to indulge in that healthful sport, skating. Nearly every boy in town has a pair of skates however, and every frozen pond of water within a mile or more of town is pressed into service. Respectable skating is about four miles from town and driving that distance takes the gilt edge off the sport. But with it all, Centre Hall can lay any town in the shade for coasting, and can boast of a hill over a mile in length down which to coast.

Great Improvements.

At a meeting of the road committee of the Pennsylvania railroad company held in Philadelphia on Monday, $2,000,000 was ordered to be expended for the addition of third and fourth tracks and the enlargement of bridges on the middle and Philadelphia divisions. It is understood that the Pittsburg division will receive the same attention later on.

Trustworthy—Serviceable.

Our complete assortment insures perfect satisfaction in the selection of goods to satisfy individual tastes. You will find our large stock made up entirely of goods that are trustworthy, serviceable and the best of their class. Everything goes at the lowest possible price. Come in and see how fair we will treat you, how well we will please you and how much we will save for you. PHILAD. BRANCH.

Without an Inmate.

The Centre county jail is without an inmate. There are, however, about forty criminal cases to be tried at this week's term of court, and the vacuum may be filled.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

A GOOD JOKE ON JACK GREIST.

How Mike Grove Got Ahead of the Commissioner.

When Jack Greist was commissioner—and he was one of the best Centre county ever had—Mike Grove was assessor for Benner township. Mr. Grove is one of those outspoken, straight-forward farmers who never dream of doing anything but what is right, and won't fool away much time as to wnat is law or gospel, and in making his assessment, he put farm lands down to relieve the oppressed tiller of the soil a little in taxation, below what the law directed.

When Mike brought his assessment book to the Commissioners' office, Jack looked over it, and seeing the figures were not way up where the law directed, he called Mr. Grove's attention to it, saying, "Mike, did you read your oath carefully in making this assessment?" To this Mr. Grove replied in his quick incisive manner, "To hell with your oath, we do what's right up there."

A Farmer Swindled.

A recent dispatch from Williamsport says a Lycoming county farmer of the class that never read the newspapers, was recently swindled out of $14,000 by the gold brick scheme. The farmer was led to believe that the gold brick had been brought east by an Indian, and by representations that it was worth $5,000, he was induced to make an advance on promise of an equal division of the full price.

A confederate of the swindler, representing himself as an expert from the United States mint, made a test of it and pronounced it good. The money was paid and the farmer went to the jeweler to have the nugget tested. Upon discovering that he had been victimized he concealed his identity.

The district attorney has received information that leads him to believe that he can capture the swindlers, and is making an effort to find the victim.

Donation.

On Thursday evening, Rev. Eisenberg, pastor of the Reformed church, had especial cause for thanksgiving. The members of his congregation in Centre Hall treated the Rev. to a genuine surprise by congregating at the parsonage loaded down with donations from turkeys down, and the articles in aggregate summed up no little amount. Rev. Eisenberg has endeared himself in the hearts of his flock during his pastorate in Centre Hall, and the donation was a slight appreciation of his endeavors.

Cost of Election in Blair County.

Blair county commissioners' clerk, J. D. Weyandt estimates the cost to the county for the recent election to be at least $10,000. Among the items which make up this great sum are: Printing, $3,000. An expenditure of $1,200 was necessitated by the printing of the election proclamation in six newspapers of the county. Election officers, $1,500; room rent and erecting new election places, $800; delivering booths and tickets, $300; constables, $400; registration books, $1,800; ballot boxes $200.

Left For California.

Dr. J. F. Alexander, who disposed of his medical practice and real estate to Dr. McGheon, departed from Centre Hall on Friday evening's train en route to the distant state of California, where the doctor expects to locate and resume his profession. His family will remain in Centre Hall until spring when they will leave for California, to take up their residence.

An Amusing Trick.

An intellectual amusement recently devised is thus described: It consists of writing a capital letter D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table and trying to make the right foot swing in the opposite direction from the pencil is following on the paper. No one, as far as heard from, has been able to perform the feat. Try it and see how much fun there is in it.

Broke Her Thigh Bone.

Mrs. Mulbarger, an aged lady living south of Tusseyville, on Friday last, while walking across the floor, had her foot catch in the carpet which threw her to the floor, breaking her thigh bone. Dr. Emerick was called and gave the case his attention.

Committed Suicide.

Frederick Dewey, aged 52 years, a farmer residing near Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, committed suicide last Friday by cutting his throat with a penknife. He was temporarily insane.

Christmas Services.

As yet none of the churches or Sunday schools have announced any intention of holding any special Christmas exercises,—the season should not go by without an entertainment of some kind.

Pigs Scarce.

Young pigs for next years slaughter, are scarce, same as last fall. Butchers pay six cents for dressed pork.

——C. P. Long was to eastern cities and purchased a fine stock of merchandise at cash prices.

SPECIAL COURT.

Number of Civil Cases Disposed of By the Tribunal.

On Monday, 21st inst., a special term of court was called for the purpose of clearing up the large list of civil cases on the docket. The attendance was small, and composed of only jurors and those immediately interested.

Denlinger Bros. vs. William R. Miller estate. Verdict for plaintiff, $198,-79.

L. D. VanPelt vs. H. D. VanPelt estate. Verdict for plaintiff, $4,751.

L. F. Wetzler vs. Abel Reese's estate. Verdict for plaintiff, $261,04.

Rebecca J. Royer's estate vs. Henry Royer, et al. Verdict for defendant.

William Colyer vs. H. A. McKee & Bro. suit for 5 per cent. for sale of timber lands. Verdict for plaintiff, $912.

A Narrow Escape.

Gilbert Greenberg, chief of the Huntingdon fire department and ex-president of the State Firemen's Association, undertook last week to fulfill the requirements of an election bet by wading across the Juniata river at its widest point in Huntingdon. The recent rains had raised the river considerably and Chief Greenburg when only a little way out from the shore was carried off his feet and swept down the river. The river banks were lined with people on either side and a brass band was waiting to receive the venturesome swimmer. Owing to his heavy clothes, Chief Greenburg was drawn under the water several times and when he had finally given up Thomas Long, who had gone to his rescue in a boat drew him to shore in an unconscious condition. He was finally resuscitated.

A Hotel Keeper's Responsibility.

Judge Fisher, in the court at St. Louis, Mo., on Monday, 21st inst., gave a decision in the case of J. N. Labold against the Southern hotel which will be of interest to hotel keepers. Labold gave his overcoat to the man who attends the hat rack near the dining room. When he came out he found that some one else had taken it. He sued for the value of the overcoat. In giving his decision Judge Fisher said that while the porter was not compelled to receive an overcoat at the entrance to the dining room, still from the fact that he did receive it, the hotel became responsible and was liable for it.

All Staple Articles.

Sausages and buckwheat cakes are coming in now, and the squealing porker's notes can be heard, all around saluting the morning's dawn. The lovers of mush and paunhoss are also in their glory—these dishes being in season now. Who will dare say this is not a great and happy country? The days of this Republic are not yet numbered, for we can go it for generations yet on mush, paunhoss, sausages and buckwheat cakes.

Paying an Election Bet.

In Lewistown a few days since, a unique spectacle was witnessed when an election bet was paid off between ladies. Miss Anna Bollinger wheeled Miss Carrie Lotzgesselle in a decorated barrow from Miss Lotzgesselle's home on Logan street to the public square. The young ladies were preceded by a lad bearing a torch and were surrounded by a large and lively crowd of boys, who, with quite a number of people who lined the sidewalks, seemed to enjoy the novel scene.

A Cure for Pimples.

A small pinch of flour of sulphur dissolved in a gill of milk and taken every morning is an efficacious remedy for pimples. It will take some little time to produce an effect, but the cure is as sure as it is slow. While taking the sulphur be careful to keep the feet dry.

A Noticable Sect.

On Saturday a number of Aumishmen from Mifflin county, were seen on the streets, and created no little attention by their peculiar garb and general appearance. The sect is quite numerous in Mifflin county and numbers among it some of the county's most wealthy citizens.

Building a Chop Mill.

Mr. George S. Clemens is about to put in operation a pair of choppers, to be run by his well-drilling engine during the winter months. The mill will be erected on a lot on Hoffer street, back of his residence. Carpenters are now engaged in constructing the building.

Held a Meeting

Millheim, we are informed, held a railroad meeting a few nights ago—to further the project of building a branch to Coburn. Hope they have the enterprise to meet it.

Goes to Williamsport.

Newton S. Baily, on the *Gazette* staff, severed his connection with that journal, and has accepted a position on the new daily, *The Times*, to be issued in Williamsport.

——A complete stock of boots and shoes can always be found at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte.

——The latest styles in clothing at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

MILLHEIM AWAKE

A CHANCE TO GIVE THE TOWN A BOOM.

A Branch Railroad Proposed Between Millheim and Coburn. Other Enterprises for the Town.

Millheim just now, is agitating some enterprises that the REPORTER frequently called attention to in past years.

A railroad to Coburn is being talked of just now, and if they can sum up the necessary courage, as we trust they will, they can put the enterprize through and do a big thing for the town, that would give it a boom at once, and enhance the value of every house and lot in that borough. Coburn would suffer somewhat, but being on the main branch, would still survive.

Then the Millheim people are also agitating the construction of water works, a thing much needed in that town. The water could be piped from mountain springs at the toll-gate north of town, fresh and pure, just what Millheim needs. It has been suffering from contaminated well water, hence the frequency of typhoid fever and diphtheria in the place.

A railroad and water works, is just what Millheim is lacking in, and if we lived there we would hammer away until the two were an accomplished fact.

A little snap, a little push in the right direction, concert of action, and the improvements are assured, in spite of any croakers, and these are found, like weeds, everywhere. In this way the REPORTER was largely instrumental in bringing about the completion of the railroad through this valley, and the erection of the excellent system of waterworks that Centre Hall now boasts of—and there were croakers too, and we never for a moment allowed them to scare us off.

The Horse Could Not Eat.

E. B. Guss, of Milford township, Juniata county, noticed that one of his horses did not seem able to eat without great difficulty. He took him to Mifflintown and called in the services of veterinary surgeon Cyrus Sieber, who discovered that some infamous miscreant had tied horse hairs tightly around the lower jaw of the animal, which had cut into the flesh so deeply as almost to be imperceptible save on close examination. Dr. Sieber cut the band and restored the poor suffering animal to his normal condition.

Amateur Theatricals.

Several of our young people are considering the feasibility of holding amateur theatricals in the near future, and thus afford amusement during the long winter evenings. It has not yet been determined whether Sheakspeare will be torn to pieces, or whether the thundering tones of the Wagnerian will delight the crowded houses. The people at the bottom of it, are talented and the theat's are bound to be a success.

A New Bank in Philipsburg.

An application for authority has been made by the proper officials, at Washington, D. C., to reorganize the First National Bank, of Philipsburg. The project is in the hands of M. C. Berkly, a capitalist and banker of Meyersdale, Pa., and his associates are all well known Philipsburg men. The capital stock is $50,000, which can be raised to $100,000 if necessary. There are twelve stockholders.

What you Want.

The opening months of this season, we want all to remember, is a revolution in fair prices. We are going to do business with you, because we have just exactly what you want, and our prices are simply irresistible. Our Fall and Winter attrations will cause a turn out. PHILAD. BRANCH.

Big Porkers.

Mr. Bartholmew, at the other end of town, opened up the season for big hog stories, by killing four porkers on Wednesday morning that had a combined weight of 2100 pounds. Who can beat it?

Clinton County Institute.

The thirty-seventh annual teachers' institute for Clinton county will convene at the court house in Lock Haven on Monday, Dec. 13th, and continue until the 23rd.

Died in Berks County.

Jonas Leinbach, a well-known farmer of Richmond township, Berks county, died on the 25th, aged seventy-two. He was the father of twenty-six children.

Festival at Spring Mills.

A festival was held in the vacant Bibby house at Spring Mills, last Saturday night, which some of our Centre Hall youngsters attended.

Weather Moderated.

The weather has moderated again; last week was cold enough to do credit to midwinter at any time.

——When in need of boots or shoes go to Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and you will find something to suit you and at reasonable prices.

A DENTIST'S CHILLY BATH.

A Former Centre Hall Dentist has a Watery Adventure in Lock Haven.

Dr. James C. McIntyre, who several years ago practiced dentistry in Centre Hall, and is well-known to all our citizens, had a chilly and watery adventure a few days ago in Lock Haven. The Dr. is located in Williamsport, and is in business with H. C. Krumrine, formerly of Spring Mills. Last Saturday evening Dr. McIntyre went to Lock Haven, and as he had over an hour's time before the late train on the Philadelphia and Erie road left for Williamsport, he concluded to call on his sister-in-law, Mrs. M. E. Blake. The Dr. delayed his departure for the the station until he heard the locomotive whistle above the city, when he started for the Bellefonte avenue station, thinking the trains still stopped there. This train, however, ran past and the dentist determined to run down the track to the lower station in the hope of catching it. In his haste he did not perceive that the drawbridge over the canal had been removed and he plunged headlong into the muddy water. He swam around for a few minutes and finally succeeded in getting out. He then went to a hotel and remained there over night, none the worse for his chilly bath.

CoversAll.

The great Columbus Blizzard Storm Coat, $10.00

The great Reciprocity Overcoat, $10.-00.

The great Protective Tariff Suit $10.-00.

The great Free Trade Suit, $10.00.

Children's suits and overcoats in endless variety.

MONTGOMERY & CO.
Bellefonte

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Robert McFarlane will please pay their accounts at the hardware store now of D. Irvin & Son. All accounts not paid by December 15th will be collected by law. With thanks for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same for D. Irvin & Son, we are

WM. AND J. K. MCFARLANE.
Administrators.
Bellefonte, Oct. 17, '92. oct27-6t

Notice.

My watch repair shop will in the future be closed on Sunday and no business of any nature will be transacted on that day. All repair work must be cash on delivery. Do not wish to keep a book account. WM. REIBER,
nov. 10-4t Tusseyville.

Public Sale.

The old school house at Early's town will be sold at public sale on Saturday, December 3rd, at 2 p. m. Terms made known on day of sale. By order of the board. JAMES A. KELLER.
nov24-2t Director.

——Complete stock of Clothing, Dry Goods and Notions.—C.P. Long.

——Bed Blankets $1 per pair and upward.—C. P. Long.

——Wanted.—A quarter of good beef on subscription at this office.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Wheat	65
Rye	65
Corn	40
Oats new	28
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	22
Eggs	26
Lard	7
Shoulders	9
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	60
Sides	6

HURRAH FOR SANTA CLAUS!

Chirstmas Opening,—
Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Dec 10, 12, and 13.

TO ATTEMPT
To give you an idea of our lines we could not think it--too many and much of a variety.

FOR THE PRESENT,
We are busier than ever for this time of the year. Our Coat and Dress Goods sales surpass any previous efforts. Dress Goods at 10c, 12½, 14, 25, and so on, are decided bargains.

BARGAIN COUNTER
Piles of new things from a penny to 25c. Every article a bargain not to be had as low anywhere. We are sole agents in Bellefonte for the Demorest Sewing Machine.

Garmans.